The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

The Dawn of a New Day

SEPTEMBER, 1926

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

Cover—The Dawn of a New Day—By Ted Carroll.

An Open Letter—By Roy Lancaster..... 260

The Eatonville Anthology—By Zora Neale Hurston..... 261

The Brotherhood's Anniversary—By A. Phillip Randolph. 263

Three Poems—By Georgia Douglas Johnson..... 265

Samuel Coleridge Taylor—By Henry F. Downing..... 266

An Exposé of the P. P. B. A.—By Ashley L. Totten..... 268

Shafts and Darts—By Geo. S. Schuyler..... 271

Editorials 272

The Critic—By J. A. Rogers..... 274

The Land of Esperanza—By Anita Scott Coleman..... 275

A Group of Poems: 276

Formula—By Langston Hughes.

Autumn Note—By J. Crutchfield Thompson.

For Dead Mimes—By Earl Dane.

The Theatre—By Theophilus Lewis..... 278

Book Review: "Nigger Heaven"—By Wallace Thurman.. 279

A Year of History Making—By Frank Crosswaith..... 281

Previous Struggles to Organize—By F. Boyd..... 283

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AN OPEN LETTER

To My Late Fellow Workers of the Pennsylvania District

Fellow Workers, Brothers and Sisters:—

I think this is the most appropriate time to send greetings of cheer to members of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and an appeal to those who have not yet cast their lot with us, to do so at once. The twenty-fifth of August will mark the First Anniversary of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, which is the embodiment of that ideal to which the thinkers of the race are hopefully aspiring.

It is the first well-defined movement for the ultimate consummation of freedom from economic slavery. The struggle for a foothold in a new field of endeavor has been hard, fast and always acute; but the results are encouraging even beyond our most roseate dreams. Today we stand second to none from point of achievement, when time and attendant conditions are calculated.

Those who have caught the vision of "a world where labor reaps its just reward and work and worth go hand in hand" have already enlisted, fought with courage and the splendid spirit of real pioneers, who believe in their cause and are willing to die for it. Against threats, coercion, harassment and espionage, their zeal, for the right has been unflagging. Even at this initial stage, the collossal possibilities of a great Brotherhood, is clearly demonstrated and the knowledge that we stand or fall together keeps the individuals moving with courage onward, as a single unit.

To the men and women who have given of their best for the uplift of this movement in time, money and intelligence, too much praise cannot be given—unselfishness is a virtue and virtue is its own reward. Yet, if that does not suffice when the history of our epochal struggle is written, and a later generation scans its pages, their names and deeds shall stand out in bold relief, as persons who gave their quota in the making of a better world in the building of a world in which democracy means more than a name—a spiritual democracy. That is a heritage worthy of bequest and will be received with just pride and be a stimulant for emulation to those who follow.

I turn with reluctance from the contemplation of this pleasant picture to view another which saddens. Those who refuse to help in the promotion of their race from tip takers to tip givers, from poverty to competence, from sorrow to joy, from darkness to light, from ignorance to enlightenment, and from the thralldom of economic slavery to the sunlight of economic freedom and progress.

The porters, who, entrenched in a crystalization of selfishness, neglect or refuse to aid in making this much desired spiritual awakening function to its maximum capacity. To these men, I now make my appeal, personally and in the guise of true comradeship; that feeling I have always endeavored to foster as side by side with you I worked, sharing your joys and sorrows and interchanged thoughts for the promotion of our welfare. I may say without a trace of egotism that my work stands as surety of my good intentions and honesty towards you.

From my entrance in the Pullman service in February, 1909 until my discharge from that service in June, 1925, I worked faithfully to lift the standard of treatment meted out to porters and maids. As Chairman of the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association and Secretary of the Grievance Committee, I worked from the inside, gaining information and experimenting with the feeble instruments of justice thrust on the porters and maids by the Pullman Company. In plain language, they are merely smoke-screens for the delusion of the weak minded and the destruction of self-expression.

Without fear of reasonable contradiction and with regard for truth and justice to all, I say they are as useless as instruments of equity and honest deliberation, as a pair of snow skates would be in equatorial Africa. Had I thought of my personal welfare, to the exclusion of the services I owed to those who trusted me, as their representative, I could now be high in the favor of the Pullman Company. My crime was because I struggled against serious odds to awaken you, fellow workers, to the bald truth; that you had no representative machine working for your welfare, but an autocratic machine in representative clothing.

An Employees' Representative Plan, in the present form, has not and can never have the best interest of the workers at heart. It has been exposed and no intelligent worker pays any attention to it. It is a bauble placed on the road to success to attract the feeble-minded and retard their progress. With full knowledge of this, I tried to uncover its weaknesses by forcing it to function and lost my job as a Pullman porter.

It is said "A gambler never wins until he quits." In losing my job, my first great battle was won. At great sacrifice, I found myself facing the world without a job; but in complete retention of my self respect. Freedom to devote my time to aid in the building of an independent and truly representative body, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids, was gained.

Today our organization is recognized throughout the country, as the greatest single factor that has materialized as a star of hope for the guidance of a down-trodden race. Our success has been great, but many men have lagged behind—stragglers in a great race. Wise cooperation is the keynote of success. We need the assistance of every porter and maid in the Pullman service and you need the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids to gain for you the recognition which your long services and merits have earned, and yet have been denied. Will you not join us now and prove yourself real men and women?

Brothers and sisters of the Pennsylvania District, you are showing the worse results of any district in the country. Surely you do not wish to appear before the world as being less intelligent, less progressive, more selfish, cowardly and with a stronger view of slave psychology in evidence than your fellow workers? I feel jealous for your reputation. Are you going to persist in making me feel that my sacrifice for you was in vain and you have not the guts to enter a fight of strong men and women?

Will you stand idly by and see the struggle to uplift a neglected group and increase the efficiency of the race to which you belong, rage, without helping?

Do you wish to know that your wives, daughters, sisters and mothers are eternally doomed, by your selfishness to be the proverbial "Hewers of wood and drawers of water?"

Do you want to leave a heritage of shame for your sons and daughters, in the absence of your name from among those who helped in the establishment of this great union? You have already enjoyed the good results of our struggle, in better wages and working conditions. Are you so devoid of a sense of fair-play as to continue to do so without giving an adequate return by your assistance?

Are you still so blind as to believe it was received through the pure good will of the Pullman Company?

It cannot be possible! Wake up, comrades, from your coma and think in terms of modern progressiveness. Forge to the front and make the Brotherhood proud of its Pennsylvania representatives. Permit me to say brothers and sisters, before closing, a few words of explanation to clear from your minds any misapprehensions as regards the aims and objective of our Union.

The Brotherhod of Sleeping Car Porters and Maids is a constructive organization. It stands for justice to employer and employees. It is no cloak for insubordination, inefficiency, dishonesty or inebriety, but aims through wise cooperation and proper selections to raise the standard of the Pullman service to its highest possibility. If the Pullman Company is honest towards you, in its pretensions, it should have no objections to our Union; but should welcome it as a valuable ally.

We only differ in the selections of representatives. Again friends, let me urge you to save yourselves from the stigma of the name of slackers by joining this onward, forward movement of progressives. Then work well and wisely, be true to yourselves, so that as time advances, we may look back with pride and satisfaction at our accomplishments.

If the road seems hard, the reward will, as a consequence, be great. Have faith in right and truth. Work with good will and success is bound to crown your efforts. Let me here pledge my faithful services to you, in the future as I have endeavored to render them in the past.

God and the right speed the cause.

Your obedient servant,

Roy Lancaster.

THE EATONVILLE ANTHOLOGY

By ZORA NEALE HURSTON

I

The Pleading Woman

Mrs. Tony Roberts is the pleading woman. She just loves to ask for things. Her husband gives her all he can rake and scrape, which is considerably more than most wives get for their housekeeping, but she goes from door to door begging for things.

She starts at the store. "Mist' Clarke," she sing-songs in a high keening voice, "gimme lil' piece uh meat tuh boil a pot uh greens wid. Lawd knows me an' mah chillen is SO hongry! Hits uh SHAME! Tony don't fee-ee-eee-ed me!

Mr. Clarke knows that she has money and that her larder is well stocked, for Tony Roberts is the best provider on his list. But her keening annoys him and he arises heavily. The pleader at this shows all the joy of a starving man being seated at a feast.

"Thass right Mist' Clarke. De Lawd loveth de cheerful giver. Gimme jes' a lil' piece 'bout dis big (indicating the width of her hand) an' de Lawd'll bless yuh."

She follows this angel-on-earth to his meat tub and superintends the cutting, crying out in pain when he refuses to move the knife over just a teeny bit mo'.

Finally, meat in hand, she departs, remarking on the meanness of some people who give a piece of salt meat only two-fingers wide when they were plainly asked for a hand-wide piece. Clarke puts it down to Tony's account and resumes his reading.

With the slab of salt pork as a foundation, she visits various homes until she has collected all she wants for the day. At the Piersons, for instance: "Sister Pierson, plee-ee-ease gimme uh han'ful uh collard greens fuh me an' mah po' chillen! 'Deed, me an' mah chillen is SO hongry. Tony doan' fee-ee-eed me!

Mrs. Pierson picks a bunch of greens for her, but she springs away from them as if they were poison. "Lawd a mussy, Mis' Pierson, you ain't gonna gimme dat lil' eye-full uh greens fuh me an' mah chillen, is you? Don't be so graspin'; Gawd won't bless yuh. Gimme uh han'full mo'. Lawd, some folks is got everything, an' theys jes' as gripin' an stingy!"

Mrs. Pierson raises the ante, and the pleading woman moves on to the next place, and on and on. The next day, it commences all over.

II

Turpentine Love

Jim Merchant is always in good humor—even with his wife. He says he fell in love with her at first sight. That was some years ago. She has had all her teeth pulled out, but they still get along splendidly.

He says the first time he called on her he found out that she was subject to fits. This didn't cool his love, however. She had several in his presence.

One Sunday, while he was there, she had one, and her mother tried to give her a dose of turpentine to stop it. Accidently, she spilled it in her eye and it cured her. She never had another fit, so they got married and have kept each other in good humor ever since.

III

Becky Moore has eleven children of assorted colors and sizes. She has never been married, but that is not her fault. She has never stopped any of the fathers of her children from proposing, so if she has no father for her children it's not her fault. The men round about are entirely to blame.

The other mothers of the town are afraid that it is catching. They won't let their children play with hers.

IV

Tippy

Sykes Jones' family all shoot craps. The most interesting member of the family—also fond of bones, but of another kind—is Tippy, the Jones' dog.

He is so thin, that it amazes one that he lives at all. He sneaks into village kitchens if the housewives are careless about the doors and steals meats, even off the stoves. He also sucks eggs.

For these offenses he has been sentenced to death dozens of times, and the sentences executed upon him, only they didn't work. He has been fed bluestone, strychnine, nux vomica, even an entire Peruna bottle beaten up. It didn't fatten him, but it didn't kill him. So Eatonville has resigned itself to the plague of Tippy, reflecting that it has erred in certain matters and is being chastened.

In spite of all the attempts upon his life, Tippy is still willing to be friendly with anyone who will let him.

V

The Way of a Man with a Train

Old Man Anderson lived seven or eight miles out in the country from Eatonville. Over by Lake Apopka. He raised feed-corn and cassava and went to market with it two or three times a year. He bought all of his victuals wholesale so he wouldn't have to come to town for several months more.

He was different from us citybred folks. He had never seen a train. Everybody laughed at him for even the smallest child in Eatonville had either been to Maitland or Orlando and watched a train go by. On Sunday afternoons all of the young people of the village would go over to Maitland, a mile away, to see Number 35 whizz southward on its way to Tampa and wave at the passengers. So we looked down on him a little. Even we children felt superior in the presence of a person so lacking in worldly knowledge.

The grown-ups kept telling him he ought to go see a train. He always said he didn't have time to wait so long. Only two trains a day passed through Maitland. But patronage and ridicule finally had its effect and Old Man Anderson drove in one morning early. Number 78 went north to Jacksonville at 10:20. He drove his light wagon over in the woods beside the railroad below Maitland, and sat down to wait. He began to fear that his horse would get frightened and run away with the wagon. So he took him out and led him deeper into the grove and tied him securely. Then he returned to his wagon and waited some more. Then he remembered that some of the train-wise villagers had said the engine belched fire and smoke. He had better move his wagon out of danger. It might catch afire. He climbed down from the seat and placed himself between the shafts to draw it away. Just then 78 came thundering over the trestle spouting smoke, and suddenly began blowing for Maitland. Old Man Anderson became so frightened he ran away with the wagon through the woods and tore it up worse than the horse ever could have done. He doesn't know yet what a train looks like, and says he doesn't care.

VI

Coon Taylor

Coon Taylor never did any real stealing. Of course, if he saw a chicken or a watermelon or muskmelon or anything like that that he wanted he'd take it. The people used to get mad but they never could catch him. He took so many melons from Joe Clarke that he set up in the melon patch one night with his shotgun loaded with rock salt. He was going to fix Coon. But he was tired. It is hard work being a mayor, postmaster, storekeeper

and everything. He dropped asleep sitting on a stump in the middle of the patch. So he didn't see Coon when he came. Coon didn't see him either, that is, not at first. He knew the stump was there, however. He had opened many of Clarke's juicy Florida Favorite on it. He selected his fruit, walked over to the stump and burst the melon on it. That is, he thought it was the stump until it fell over with a yell. Then he knew it was no stump and departed hastily from those parts. He had cleared the fence when Clarke came to, as it were. So the charge of rock-salt was wasted on the desert air.

During the sugar-cane season, he found he couldn't resist Clarke's soft green cane, but Clarke did not go to sleep this time. So after he had cut six or eight stalks by the moonlight, Clarke rose up out of the cane strippings with his shotgun and made Coon sit right down and chew up the last one of them on the spot. And the next day he made Coon leave his town for three months.

VII

VILLAGE FICTION

Joe Lindsay is said by Lum Boger to be the largest manufacturer of prevarications in Eatonville; Brazzle (late owner of the world's leanest and meanest mule) contends that his business is the largest in the state and his wife holds that he is the biggest liar in the world.

Exhibit A—He claims that while he was in Orlando one day he saw a doctor cut open a woman, remove everything—liver, lights and heart included—clean each of them separately; the doctor then washed out the empty woman, dried her out neatly with a towel and replaced the organs so expertly that she was up and about her work in a couple of weeks.

VIII

Sewell is a man who lives all to himself. He moves a great deal. So often, that 'Lige Moseley says his chickens are so used to moving that every time he comes out into his backyard the chickens lie down and cross their legs, ready to be tied up again.

He is baldheaded; but he says he doesn't mind that, because he wants as little as possible between him and God.

IX

Mrs. Clarke is Joe Clarke's wife. She is a soft-looking, middle-aged woman, whose bust and stomach are always holding a get-together.

She waits on the store sometimes and cries every time he yells at her which he does every time she makes a mistake, which is quite often. She calls her husband "Jody." They say he used to beat her in the store when he was a young man, but he is not so impatient now. He can wait until he goes home.

She shouts in Church every Sunday and shakes the hand of fellowship with everybody in the Church with her eyes closed, but somehow always misses her husband.

X

Mrs. McDuffy goes to Church every Sunday and always shouts and tells her "determination." Her husband always sits in the back row and beats her as soon as they get home. He says there's no sense in her shouting, as big a devil as she is. She just does it to slur him. Elijah Moseley asked her why she didn't stop shouting, seeing she always got a beating about it. She says she can't "squinch the sperrit." Then Elijah asked Mr. McDuffy to stop beating her, seeing that she was going to shout anyway. He answered that she just did it for spite and that his fist was just as hard as her head. He could last just as long as she. So the village let the matter rest.

XI

DOUBLE-SHUFFLE

Back in the good old days before the World War, things were very simple in Eatonville. People didn't fox-trot. When the town wanted to put on its Sunday clothes and wash behind the ears, it put on a "breakdown." The daring younger set would two-step and waltz, but the good church members and the elders stuck to the grand march. By rural canons dancing is wicked, but one is not held to have danced until the feet have been crossed. Feet don't get crossed when one grand marches.

At elaborate affairs the organ from the Methodist church was moved up to the hall and Lizzimore, the blind man presided. When informal gatherings were held, he merely played his guitar assisted by any volunteer with mouth organs or accordions.

Among white people the march is as mild as if it had been passed on by Volstead. But it still has a kick in Eatonville. Everybody happy, shining eyes, gleaming teeth. Feet dragged 'shhlap, shhlap! to beat out the time. No orchestra needed. Round and round! Back again, parse-me-la! shlap! shlap! Strut! Strut! Seaboard! Shlap! Shlap! Tiddy bumm! Mr. Clarke in the lead with Mrs. Mosely.

It's too much for some of the young folks. Double shuffling commences. Buck and wing. Lizzimore about to break his guitar. Accordion doing contortions. People fall back against the walls, and let the soloist have it, shouting as they clap the old, old double shuffle songs.

'Me an' mah honey got two mo' days
Two mo' days tuh do de buck'

Sweating bodies, laughing mouths, grotesque faces, feet drumming fiercely. Deacons clapping as hard as the rest.

"Great big nigger, black as tar
Trying tuh git tuh hebben on uh 'lectric car."

"Some love cabbage, some love kale
But I love a gal wid a short skirt tail."

Long tall angel—steppin' down,
Long white robe an' starry crown.

'Ah would not marry uh black gal (bumm bumm!)
Tell yuh de reason why
Every time she comb her hair
She make de goo-goo eye.

Would not marry a yaller gal (bumm bumm!)
Tell yuh de reason why
Her neck so long an' stringy
Ahm 'fraid she'd never die.

Would not marry uh preacher
Tell yuh de reason why
Every time he comes tuh town
He makes de chicken fly.

When the buck dance was over, the boys would give the floor to the girls and they would parse-me-la with a slye eye out of the corner to see if anybody was looking who might "have them up in church" on conference night. Then there would be more dancing. Then Mr. Clarke would call for everybody's best attention and announce that *'freshments was served! Every gent'man would please take his lady by the arm and scorch her right up to de table fur a treat!*

Then the men would stick their arms out with a flourish and ask their ladies: "You lak chicken? Well, then, take a wing." And the ladies would take the proffered "wings" and parade up to the long table and be served. Of course most of them had brought baskets in which were heaps of jointed and fried chicken, two or three kinds of pies, cakes, potato pone and chicken purlo. The hall would separate into happy groups about the baskets until time for more dancing.

But the boys and girls got scattered about during the war, and now they dance the fox-trot by a brand new piano. They do waltz and two-step still, but no one now considers it good form to lock his chin over his partner's shoulder and stick out behind. One night just for fun and to humor the old folks, they danced, that is, they grand marched, but everyone picked up their feet. *Bah!!*

THE BROTHERHOOD'S ANNIVERSARY

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

Dear Brethren and Fellow-workers, Greetings:

One year ago this month we were born. It was August 25th, in New York. The occasion was a monster mass meeting in the Elks Hall. This had been preceded by a secret conclave at the home of Brother Des Verney with himself, Brothers Lancaster and Totten and the writer. At that mass meeting, perhaps, the most unique and significant movement among Negroes was projected. It began and has steadily moved forward within the veil of secrecy. This was essential to avoid the victimization of the men. The wisdom of this method has been tested through a period which has tried men's souls.

Why Did We Begin?

Is the question which has rung down the changes. Have we not accepted, too often in abject resignation, unmerited scorn, reproach and persecution for over one thousand years? Have we not drunk, in America, a land made beautiful, prosperous and powerful, by our own sweat and blood, tears and toil, the bitter dregs of privation and want, hate and hell? Have we not, as virtual peons of Pullman property, built up mountains of gold and goodwill, for over a half century, without a murmur, on starvation wages, in fact, on practically, no wages at all? Have we not listened to the honeyed words, the siren call of our pretended white friends and black leaders who counselled satisfaction and contentment; "to let well enough alone," to accept pity for pay; to wait for ours in the sweet bye and bye instead of fighting for justice in the here, now and nigh? Have we not been easily flattered, quickly deceived, and systematically exploited? Have we not ever appeared as children of laughter and levity, joy and jokes, innocence and ignorance? We sang in sorrow, danced in darkness and worked in worry.

Who then, Brethren, could take us seriously? The tragedy of our lives could not be sensed by the outer world of white men.

What though, ask the white men of power, black children wail for bread they never eat; black women weep for raiment they never wear; and black men toil to the tune of torture? Is it not written in holy writ: "Slaves, obey thy master"? Have they not been the slaves of men down the centuries! They have accepted insolence in silence, contempt with contentment, derision in docility. Have they not been the disinherited and dishonored of the sons of men? Then how can the world reverse its reason on right and wrong in relation to a race of blacks? Thus spake the age-old masters of slaves. Nor have they changed in their thinking today, nor will they change, Brethren, until we change them. This then is why the Brotherhood was born. We are in quest for the holy grail of economic freedom. Yes, and we shall find it. But we must destroy the engines of industrial slavery ere we breathe the air of free men.

Smashing the Employee Plan

Realizing that the Employee Representation Plan stood athwart our path to freedom, we resolutely assailed it without let or hindrance or equivocation. All of the resources of the Pullman Company have been thrown in the balance against us. Still we are steadily smashing it, retiring it to oblivion. Every subterfuge has been resorted to with a view to fortifying a decadent, decrepit, and deceptive plan for settling workers' grievances. The operation of the Plan has securely established its own failure, its own futility as an instrument for achieving economic justice for the porters and maids. So thoroughly has the Plan been discredited that the Company, in order to give it a new lease of life, has placed a porter on the Board of Industrial Relations, in order that it might appear that the porters and maids have a voice on every committee of the Plan. One, Mr. George Shannon, has been chosen to represent the porters. Regardless of his qualities or virtues, he is absolutely helpless to benefit the porters. *He is like a lamb in a cage of lions.* He is being used as flypaper to ensnare the porters. The new scheme is merely calculated to deceive the porters into believing that the Plan will work, that the Brotherhood is unnecessary. But the Pullman Company cannot fool the Pullman porters all of the time. Porters, like conductors, were bound to wake up. Sheer necessity forced it. Oppression, in the nature of things, contains the seeds of its own abolition. No institution, or system, or doctrine founded upon the tyranny of body or mind, can stand. The Plan represents autocracy. It suppresses freedom. It stifles initiative. It suffocates thought. Its rules merely regulate injustice and intrench industrial serfdom. It was built to discourage organization of, by and for the porters and maids. It cannot any more serve the interests of the porters than can a sewing machine grind corn.

The fact that every official of the Plan must be an employee of the Company, gives the Company the power to discharge any man who shows a spirit to fight in the interest of the men. The whole fight of the Company against the Brotherhood is based upon the fact that it doesn't control the officials of the Union. Such is the reason for the trade union movement everywhere. It is seeking to break the irresponsible domination of the boss over the workers.

In one year then, Brethren, we have thoroughly broken the power of the Plan. It is one of our most signal victories. The Company may be reluctant to admit it, but history will reveal it.

Other Opposition

Upon discovering that the Plan could not withstand the mortal blows the Brotherhood was dealing it, the Company proceeded to mobilize forces within the race to oppose the Union. The powerful Negro papers of the West went over completely to the Pullman Company and arrayed themselves against us. Pullman gold was being lavishly dispensed among Negro editors. Few had the stamina to resist the pressure. Happily, all of the Negro editors did not surrender to Pullman power. The Eastern papers very largely maintained their freedom, and so have some of the Western ones.

But, undaunted and undismayed, we fought on and won the respect and admiration of friend and foe.

Conferences of some of our leading Negroes were adroitly plotted, planned and juggled to glorify the so-called Pullman friendship for the race. Corrupt and wicked Negro politicians and preachers were subsidized to proclaim the blessings of the so-called monopoly which porters and maids enjoy, a monopoly which does not yield a living wage or civilized hours and conditions of work. It was boldly asserted that no other race enjoys such a monopoly as though there was any other race except the white serving as conductors on Pullman cars or railroad trains. Are not these jobs monopolized by the white race?

Even the much oppressed Filipino was belabored into some of the club cars in order to frighten the porters away from the Brotherhood. But to no avail.

We were in dead earnest this time. The Company saw it. We would not surrender, we would not equivocate, we would not retreat a single step, and we resolved that we would be heard in the great forum of public opinion, and we were heard.

Sixteen Cents More Per Day

But, brethren, the Pullman Company is resourceful and inventive. It has fertile brains. Seeing the tide of organization steadily rising, it made its supreme bid to stem the tide by calling a wage conference under the Plan and distributed a few crumbs from its big banquet table of

some seventeen millions net profits for 1925, in the form of an eight per cent increase or sixteen cents a day. And to the utter amazement and dismay of the Company, it only stimulated the men to organize more strongly, since it was apparent to them that the increase was the direct result of the Brotherhood. Thus the Brotherhood is already paying the porters over 300 per cent on every dollar they have invested in it, granting that they have paid their joining fee of five dollars and twelve dollars dues, for the year. In a bank, at the current rate of interest, they would only have earned six per cent, or $1.02 on $17, a year's interest, whereas the Brotherhood has put $64.80 in the pockets of the porters for $17. Not a bad record, this. And the porters are getting this increase of $64.80 every year, but only pay $12 dues. Obviously, the Brotherhood has paid big dividends.

But this is only the beginning, my brethren.

The Referendum

is on, and at its conclusion, a conference will be sought with the Company. Should we fail to secure same, we shall seek the services of the Mediation Board.

We have come a long way to reach this point. And we are ready, willing and prepared to fight through the years to attain our goal, economic security and freedom.

Thus, brethren, let our anniversary be an occasion of joy. It is the race's first serious and significant knock at the door of economic justice.

Let us look forward with our heads erect and souls undaunted. Ours is a great spiritual victory for the race. To the utter disappointment, consternation and despair of Pullman officials, the Brotherhood has demonstrated to the world that it is beyond the reach of corruption. Be assured, my brethren, that the Pullman Company may have money enough to purchase preachers and politicians, papers and prestige, but it has not got *millions* enough to cause me to desert your cause. Every dollar you put in the Brotherhood is systematically handled by an expert accountant. Your money is as secure in the Brotherhood as it is in the Pullman Company. It is being used for no other purpose than your economic emancipation. Your officials are honest, upright and capable.

The great success of your movement is due to the valiant, unselfish and efficient labor of Roy Lancaster, General Secretary-Treasurer; W. H. DesVerney, Assistant General Organizer; A. L. Totten, Second Assistant General Organizer; S. E. Grain, Field Organizer; Frank R. Crosswaith, Special Organizer; M. P. Webster, Organizer, Chicago Division; George A. Price, Secretary-Treasurer, Chicago Division, and Brother Berry; George S. Grant, Secretary-Treasurer of Los Angeles; Dad Moore and D. J. Jones of Oakland; Clarence E. Ivey of Portland; Burgess of Salt Lake City; Benjamin of Boston; Rev. Prince of Denver, and a host of heroic, self-sacrificing souls whom circumstances prevent naming at this hour. The men have ascended to the highest heights of human struggle—loyalty to a great cause. They have been weighed in the balance and *not* found wanting.

"Tempt them with bribes, you tempt in vain;
Try them with fire, you'll find them true."

Yours, brethren, has been a marvelous demonstration of devotion, zeal, faith, and action.

To deter such souls from their purpose or vanquish them in combat is as impossible as to stop the rush of the ocean when the spirit of the storm rides upon its mountain billows. You are hourly increasing in number and strength and going on from conquering to conquer.

White America has always reasoned that no Negroes had the moral stamina to resist the influence of money. Your Pullman officials thought that in order to halt this movement it was only a question of sending out a few thousand dollars to buy up your officials. But Pullman officials and white America have been rudely awakened to a realization that a New Negro has come upon the scene who places *manhood above money, principles above price, devotion to duty to his race and a great human cause beyond the reach of gold, whether it be in tens of thousands or millions.*

To my mind, brethren, this is our greatest spiritual landmark. It has won the respect of the employer, worker, educator, politician and preacher, alike. You have shown that it is not true that every Negro has his price to sell out the race. Yes, your movement is incorruptible by gold and undaunted by power. *I would rather go in rags, live in a hovel, drink water and eat the crust of bread, and go down to the voiceless silence of the dreamless dust before I would betray your trust for the riches of this world.*

And, brethren, we cannot fail if we remain united. For the cause of justice there is:

"A voice on every wave,
A sound on every sea!
The watchword of the brave,
The anthem of the free!
Where'er a wind is rushing,
Where'er a stream is gushing,
The swelling sounds are heard,
Of man to freeman calling,
Of broken fetters falling—
And like the carol of a cageless bird,
The bursting shout of freedom's rallying word!"

Why should we not rejoice in our triumph? Is not the star of hope beginning to illumine our path to power. Do you not see the pitiless storm which has so long been pouring its rage upon you breaking away, and a glorious bow of promise spanning the sky—a token that to the end of time, if we are resolute, the billows of prejudice and oppression shall no longer cover the earth to the destruction of our race, but seed time and harvest shall never fail and the laborer shall eat the fruit of his hand and brain.

Then let us be tolerant. Let us forgive our enemies, though remain ever vigilant and alert. Let us as workers be ever mindful of our duties, obligations and responsibilities to the Pullman Company and to the public. A high standard of service depends upon us and we must give it. No Brotherhood man should ever shirk his duty or violate the rules of the Company. The purpose of the Brotherhood is not to shield dishonesty, insobriety, indolence, but to foster industry, a high sense of responsibility, intelligent initiative, courtesy and devotion to principles of justice, righteousness, fair-play, freedom, self-reliance, loyalty to truth and service to mankind.

But what have we done? We have achieved nothing short of a miracle through solidarity.

Achievements of the Brotherhood

1. It forced the Company to call a wage conference last February under the Employee Representation Plan and grant the porters and maids an eight per cent increase, thereby raising the pay from $67.50 per month to $72.90.

2. It forced the Company to revise the Time Sheet with a view to removing basis for criticism on same.

3. It has forced the local officials to become quite lavish with courtesy and attention.

4. It has carried the message of labor unionism to over half a million black and white workers from August 25, 1925, to August 1, 1926. Over 500 meetings have been conducted from origin of movement up to date. The meetings have ranged from 100 to 2,500 or more. Thousands of Negroes addressed had never heard a talk of organized labor before. Many of the Negro preachers did not know what it was all about, except that some "black reds" were coming to town to urge insurrection among Negroes. That was the propaganda of the Company. It is estimated that there were over 60,000 persons at the opening of the Sesqui-Centennial at which the General Organizer spoke May 31st. He stressed the cause of black labor. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, and Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State, the other speakers, stressed the prosperity of the country.

5. The case of the Pullman porters in particular and the Negro workers in general has been presented to cen-

tral labor bodies in various cities visited as well as to individual trade unions. A large number of white workers said that they had never seen a Negro before advocating the organization of Negro workers.

6. The Brotherhood has secured entrance into a number of Negro churches.

7. The case of the Pullman porters and the Negro workers has been presented in addresses to Reed College in Portland, Oregon; a body of students of the University of Denver, and a group of industrial Y. W. C. A. girls; University of California; University of Southern California; Chicago University; University of Minnesota; the fraternity of law students of Howard University; the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's Convention, together with a large number of liberal and labor forums throughout the country; also to a number of Negro business clubs; National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, the Shriners and Knight Templars in convention.

8. The Brotherhood has secured the endorsement of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in convention assembled; the leaders of the National Urban League; the Chicago State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs; the Thirty-seventh Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythians of New York State; the Empire State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs; the Brotherhood of Federal Post Office Employees; National Young People's Baptist Union; the Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negro Workers; the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs.

9. During eleven months of organization and agitation, over three million five hundred thousand pieces of propaganda literature have been circulated.

10. Over 75,000 miles of territory have been covered by the organizers.

11. The Brotherhood has brought to the porters for their education such leaders of thought as James Weldon Johnson, Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P.; John Fitzpatrick, President, Chicago Federation of Labor; ex-Governor Sweet of Colorado; Norman Thomas, Director, League for Industrial Democracy; Mary McDowell, Head of the Department of Charities of Chicago; H. E. Wills, Assistant Grand Chief, Locomotive Engineers; Mr. Lovell, Vice-President, Locomotive Firemen; Mr. Clark, Vice-President, Train Conductors; C. H. Brown, General Chairman, Adjustment Board of Railway Clerks and Express Handlers; Mr. Eagan, Special Representative of William Green, President of the A. F. of L.; William Pickens, R. W. Bagnall, Walter White of the N. A. A. C. P., Eugene Kinckle Jones, Executive Secretary of the National Urban League, James Oneal, Morris Hillquit, Chandler Owen, C. Francis Stradford, lawyer, Abraham Lefkowitz, Prof. Bowman of Columbia University, Joseph Schlossberg, Secretary-Treasurer, Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Gertrude E. MacDougal, Assistant Principal, Public School 89, August Classens, ex-Assemblyman, Algernon Lee of the Rand School of Social Science, Congressmen Emanuel Celler and LaGuardia, Arthur Garfield Hayes, Rev. A. C. Powell of the Abyssinnia Church, New York City, Thomas J. Curtis, First Vice-President, State Federation of Labor of the A. F. of L., Charles W. Erwin, Editor of the *Advance*, organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, Samuel Beardsley, of Jewelry Workers, Philip Zausner, of Painters and Paper Hangers, Harry Laidler, Benjamin Stolberg, McAllister Coleman of Federated Press, Robert L. Dunn, Gurley Flynn.

In all of the districts where the Brotherhood has set up local organizing committees, speakers from the American Federation of Labor have been secured to address the porters from time to time. It has developed a higher sense of race pride and responsibility among Pullman porters and maids.

13. Ladies' Auxiliaries to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters have been established in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Oakland and Los Angeles, Calif., Denver and Omaha, Salt Lake City. The auxiliaries are active propaganda nuclei for the Brotherhood.

Such is our achievement, Brethren. Let us renew our courage and faith and rededicate our hearts and minds and hands to the unfinished task and high mission of Negro emancipation. Forward to victory.

Your faithful servant,

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, General Organizer.

THREE POEMS

By GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Appassionata

A wild heart in a wretched frame,
Long welted by the years,
A flame that evermore consumes
The vertiment it bears;
So soon to crumble cold, and still,
Its final flicker fail,
And leave within its fevered wake
An ashen-dusted trail.

Disenthralment

Upon a lonely hill I stand,
And from its height I see
The secrets of the backward way
I walked in mystery.

The aura fades about your brow,
I read the riddle clear,
Your little soul stands bare relieved
Of all that made your dear.

At last—I see you as you are,
A creature without charms!
Would I had never climbed the hill
But perished in your arms!

Loss

So you are back—back at my feet,
A suppliant once more,
But life can never, never be
Just as it was before.

For you have robbed me of a thing
More prized than jewels are—
A thing as vital to my need
As light is to a star.

Uncertain now, I hesitate
In fatal impotence
Since you my prince have faltered,
I have lost my confidence.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE TAYLOR

By HENRY F. DOWNING

The authoress of "For Unborn Children," a playlet, winner of the third prize of $10 in the Crisis Contests of 1925, and published in the June number of that organ of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, endeavors to make it appear that when a white woman gives birth to a child conceived of a Negro she immediately loses all the natural instincts of motherhood, becomes a monster—she hates her baby! Perverts of this kind are in all races; fortunately, their number is not many, otherwise mothers, the world over, no matter their race or their color, would occupy a level lower than that occupied by savage beasts.

Innumerable cases contradicting this mischievous libel occur every day, and among these cases none are plainer in view than that of the white mother of Coleridge Taylor. As stated, in a former article she was devoted to her child. Just as black women slaved at washtubs and at other laborious employments earning money to provide for the need of their mulatto child then so did this white mother labor to support her mulatto child.

A disposition is shown by many of Coleridge Taylor's admirers to look upon him as having been one of those usually disappointing creatures of great promise in the bud, but odorless and beautyless in the flower, in other words, an Infant Prodigy. He was nothing of the sort. He was just a plain ordinary boy, fond of sport and games, and not too good to dip his hands into mischief. At the same time he was exceedingly sensitive, too much so altogether to enjoy the rough manners and coarse words of the boisterous idle who by reason of class distinctions were his plyamates. Many times, his feelings hurt to their quick by some unkind epithet hurled at him by his young companions, did he flee home into his mother's arms where his grief was soon assuaged. This sensitiveness, causing him to shrink away from all things coarse, avoid contention, cultivate the beautiful, expressed in his thoughts and deeds, remained with him during all his life. And it was because of his sweet and tender disposition that he was given admiration by his friends as well as their love in the fullest measure.

Coleridge Taylor, with all the vicissitudes of his early years, with all the difficulties and obstacles which he struggled against and overcame during his mature years, was on the whole very happy. He was that rare creature a contented man. He once said, "I have been very happy in my surroundings all my life; first with my mother and then in my marriage. Even without any moderate success I think I should have been one of those rare beings—a happy man. Unlike a great many painters who want to be musicians, musicians who want to be Barristers, and barristers who want to be journalists, I want to be nothing except what I am—musician."

And this cheerful content he displayed at all times and in all places. Not only did he bring sunshine into his own home, and into the home of his beloved mother, whom he visited, purse in hand on each Sunday, as sure as Sunday came, but into the homes of his friends, amongst whom the present writer and his wife were perhaps the closest. With us he would converse in the happiest mood about music, and tell amusing anecdotes meanwhile disposing of one or two cigarettes—his favorite was the Caporal, and drinking innumerable cups of "Golden Tips" tea which it was our delight always to have in stock to brew for his enjoyment. His bright and sparkling conversation was remarkable, and his ability as a story-teller was really great. He was witty, and his sense of humor left nothing to be desired, yet his wit and humor carried no sting, it was sweet and harmless. At times he pictured the grotesque in the sayings and doings of celebrities, but his real delight was to tell stories about himself, for instance:

"Last night," said the composer, his face one big smile, "the postman brought an unstamped letter to me, and since the Government is not exactly philanthropical in its activities I had to pay the price of a stamp, 2d, before the postman would deliver it to me. The letter contained 3d in stamps, the first royalty payment for mechanical production of one of my songs. So, to get the three pence," continued the musician, "I had to spend two pence, and gazing ruefully at the 3d stamp, I wondered how long, at any rate, it would take me to become a millionaire."

"Was the song worth it?" asked his auditor jokingly. "Clara Butt sang it continuously with the result that before it was a year old I had borrowed over 50 guineas in royalty," replied Coleridge Taylor, and his daughter Gwendoline, a blue eyed golden haired little beauty, then about 5 years of age, offering to sing the song, he placed himself at his piano and played the accompaniment to "Big Lady Moon," words by Miss Kathleen Easmon.

Young Coleridge Taylor, Coleridge as he desired his more intimate friends, to call him, began his musical progress when he was about nine years of age, as a choir boy under Colonel Herbert A. W. Walters, V.D., to whom he was presented by Mr. Drage, the celebrated Headmaster of the British School. Colonel Walters soon perceived that the boy had a beautiful voice, almost a pure tenor, and with his mother's consent, at first doubtfully given, he practically became his guardian and decided to have him trained to pursue a musical career.

The Colonel's first move in that direction was to have the boy join the choir of St. George's Presbyterian Church, in Croydon, afterwards to become a member of the choir of St. Mary Magdalene in Addiscombe. The youngster's delightful voice quickly won his popularity, and brought him into demand to appear in local concerts. Proud of his success in this narrow field he determined to succeed in a wider world. His ambition encouraged by his mother, and fostered by the beneficient Colonel, he studied and studied, practised upon his violin, until, believing himself sufficiently advanced to take higher flight, he presented himself to the authorities of the Royal College of Music as a student candidate for admission to their great school. These authorities, influenced probably by the lad's shrinking manner and humble appearance, if not by the dark color of his skin, declined to take him seriously, refused even to give him and his violin a trial.

Our young hero returned to his home. At first he felt almost heartbroken, but he soon recovered his courage, then hoping that perseverance sooner or later would enable him to reach his goal he resumed his studies. The following year he again presented himself for admission to the Royal College of Music, and again was refused. Another period of study followed, then in September, 1890, once more he appeared before the musical magnates, who, this time, possibly impressed by his persistency, if not by the quality of his fiddling, and his general knowledge of music, had him entered as a student.

Coleridge was given the violin as "first study," but Sir George Grove, then Director of the College, soon recognizing that his bent was towards composition placed him where his particular talent would best be developed, with result so satisfying that in 1893 he won an open scholarship in that subject. Then for four years he studied under Doctor Charles Villiers Stanford, later raised to the dignity of knighthood, who although he ceased to be his teacher never ceased to be his friend. During this time Taylor composed a number of works several of which were produced at the College Student's concerts, and all considered as possessing great promise.

And it was during this period that Coleridge first became aware that it was possible for him to be stirred by emotions other than those aroused by music; in other words, he fell in love with a beautiful girl, a fellow student. She was not indifferent to him, even though he was far

from handsome, who knows but that she perceived the beauty and purity of his soul. However, here was the beginning of a delightful romance, which had it not been nipped in its bud by the girl's unwilling and stern parents perhaps would have led our young composer to don the collar of a benedict much earlier than he did.

II.

Twenty-nine years ago American shoes, ice cream sodas, lager beer, Boston Baked Beans, and "the rest of it" were as difficult to find in London, the English metropolis, as it is now to find Amerindians hunting for scalps. The nasal tones and raised raucous voices of American tourists, bargain-hunting in Piccadilly, Bond and Regent Streets, now so prevalent, were seldom heard, and as for the American Negro, except for a Bohee, or a stray black sailor, he was rare almost as is the often described, but not yet seen by mortal eyes, that mythical bird, the "Dodo."

Under the immediate patronage of His Excellency, Col. John Hay, United States Ambassador

Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar

(Afro-American Poet)

AND

Mr. S. Coleridge Taylor

(Anglo-African Composer)

Respectfully announce

A RECITAL

AT THE

Salle Erard, Great Marlborough Street, W.

On Wednesday, June 2nd, 1897, at 3 P. M.

The Programme will consist of Selections from The Poetical Works of

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

(Read by the Author), and

Vocal and Instrumental Compositions

OF

S. COLERIDGE TAYLOR

(Graduate Royal College of Music)

Who will be assisted by

MISS MARIE MOTTO .....(Violin)
MISS HELEN JAXON .....(Soprano)
MR. GREGORY HAST .....(Tenor)

For further particulars address HENRY F. DOWNING, *24 Oxford Road, Gunnersbury, W.*

And this being true, it is easy to imagine how surprised I was, as well as pleased, when on one beautiful morning, in the early summer of 1897, while passing the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square, I came face-to-face with the late Paul Laurence Dunbar. Scarcely believing our four eyes we stared at each other a moment; then, moved apparently by one impulse, and indifferent to the glances of amused passers-by, we rushed into each other's arms, and perhaps we exchanged kisses after the manner of the French—I do not remember.

It is difficult to say which of us was the more pleased because of this unexpected meeting, but it is not impossible to say which of us had the more reason for rejoicing. Quoting Dunbar, he was "down in his luck." He had come from America to London, to recite his poems, under the management of a female relation of a certain celebrated lecturer and concert agent, of that day. According to the poet's complaint this lady had treated him very unkindly: She had housed him in a small and poorly furnished garret through whose soot-covered windows he could view nothing but chimney-pots belching forth black, thick smoke, had supplied him with very little, if with any, of John Bull's coin of the realm, rendering it impossible for him to take in any of the great city's sights or participate, even in a moderate way, in any of its many diversions. Anyhow, he was exceedingly unhappy, and in the morning, just before he and I met, he had made up his mind to give the manageress a piece of his mind, then to separate himself from her control and "Paddle his own canoe."

Of course, I gladly invited Dunbar to become my guest; he accepted the invitation and a little while later he was comfortably roomed in my home, where he remained some time. And it was while he was residing under my roof that he and Samuel Coleridge Taylor first met.

Dunbar, rigged out in a brand new knicker suit of clothes belonging to me, which I had never worn, and which he had taken possession and ever afterwards refused to surrender, after giving me a good drubbing at the game of single-sticks, had turned his attention to gathering dandelions, of which succulent plant, cooked with fat bacon, he was inordinately fond, and which he always refused to give me even a taste, when my landlady, Mrs. Smith, whom Dunbar introduced in his novel "The Uncalled," written while he was my guest, came into the garden and ushered into our presence a light-brown young colored gentleman modest in his demeanor. He was not handsome, far from it. His frame was meagre, his shoulders narrow and somewhat stooping, his head, naturally very large, seemed larger than it really was because of its immense crop of tangled hair. He carried a sort of Sarah Gamp umbrella in one of his hands, while in the other was a wide-rimmed felt hat of the kind peculiar to heroes of the "Wild and Woolly West." He wore a frock-tail coat over wide and baggy trousers. Deceived by the young man's appearance at first we suspected that he was what is called "A Character," but when we gazed into his luminous, big black eyes, dreamy, yet full of fire, when we heard his low, soft voice, all music, despite his strange makeup we recognized that our visitor was an inspired—possibly a genius, and we fell in love with him at once.

He introduced himself as Samuel Coleridge Taylor, then explained that having read an article, in a London newspaper, about Dunbar, under the amusing caption: "Nigger Poet and Actor," he had ventured to call to see the poet. He desired permission to set music to some of Dunbar's lines. And thus began an acquaintance between the American poet and the English composer which reached its climax in a recital, given, at the Salle Erard, under the management of the present writer, on June 2, 1897, and under the patronage of the Hon. John Hay, United States Ambassador, one time private secretary to President Lincoln, and his historian, who, winding up a useful and distinguished career as Secretary of State.

The Dunbar-Taylor Recital was one of the great events of the London musical season of 1897. It was attended by eminent musical critics, by many of the titled and untitled gentry, by leading members of the American Colony, conspicuous amongst whom was the well known author, Moncure D. Conway, who, while Dunbar recited "The Party" so forgot the conventions that he laughed and laughed loudly, while tears flowed down his cheeks, and that distinguished, cultured Negro, Reverend Alexander Crummel, who sat beside the amused author, laughed too.

This was the first appearance of Coleridge Taylor before a London audience, and his bid for favorable recognition found ready and immediate acceptance. The young composer's songs, which had been sung from manuscript, were snatched up by a publisher and quickly published, and a Mr. Yaeger, an eminent musical critic connected with Novello and Company, was so pleased by his work that he introduced him to his principals, who, at a later date, brought out his "Hiawatha" which made the whole world aware that a musical genius, of the very first rank, had been found in the person of Samuel Coleridge Taylor.

(The third article in this series by Mr. Downing will appear in the October issue.)

AN EXPOSE OF THE PULLMAN PORTERS BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

By ASHLEY L. TOTTEN

Ex-Chairman, Local Lodge No. 5, New York District

President Carry of the Pullman Company appeared at the Wabash Avenue Y. M. C. A. at Chicago on the night of November 17, 1925, and in an address delivered before two thousand Negroes, said among other things that "the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America is an independent organization of, by and for Pullman Porters, and whoever says that the Pullman Co. has anything to do with it, tells a damned lie."

Fifty-one delegates to their annual convention led by Perry Parker, the Grand Chairman, cheered and cheered themselves hoarse.

This article will prove conclusively that the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America IS NOT an independent organization of, by and for Pullman Porters, and that the said Association IS CONTROLLED and DOMINATED by the Pullman Co.

Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America Turned Down by Referendum Vote

The true story which leads to the birth of the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America, dates back to the days when these unfortunate, overworked, underpaid and helpless peons were dying like paupers, and with their relatives unable to give them a decent burial.

Man's inhumanity to man had taken on a form of slavery far more degrading and demoralizing than chattel slavery.

Porters earned so little that they could ill afford to keep up an insurance, and, by reason of the "camp stool" torture and continued doubling, dead-heading and other extreme measures which served to undermine their health, mortality was at an alarmingly high rate.

It was customary in those days to pass around the hat whenever a Pullman slave died, and Pullman officials shared the views of their surviving slaves that since this method was embarrassing to them and humiliating to the families of the deceased, it would be better to organize an association among Pullman Porters to take care of such emergency cases.

An organization known as the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association was formed, where porters signed a pledge to pay fifty cents as a death rate tax from among the members in each Pullman Zone.

The plan worked out very well until the year 1919, when it was suggested that this zone arrangement be changed into a national organization to be known as the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America, with national headquarters in the Pullman Building in Chicago, local headquarters in each district and to be operated according to the plan of "American Insurance Experiences."

Each member would be required to pay assessments of $28 a year, for which he is entitled to twelve weeks' benefit in case of sickness at $10 per week, and one thousand dollars at death.

Section 13 of the By-Laws reads that no benefit shall be allowed for the first five days of disablement which is typical of an insurance plan, and not a benevolent organization.

It was the concensus of opinion that the Pullman Co. desired to effect control of this proposed Association, because of the fear that the porters would eventually build up money power if they ran it themselves, so a referendum vote was taken and the porters turned it down.

But on November 20, of the following year, Thomas R. Webb, a porter from Denver, Colo., introduced the copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of this proposed Association, said to be drafted by himself to the delegates assembled in convention.

Without the knowledge or consent of the porters who had already repudiated it, the Constitution and By-Laws of the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America was adopted and became effective February 1, 1921.

It was seen from the outset by those who were able to read and think for themselves that the determination to force this Association on the porters against their will, was due to the desire of a few selfish and bigoted Negroes who were concerned about making themselves solid with the Pullman Co., at the expense of the entire group.

The first to rise to the height of his ambition was Thomas R. Webb, who secured for himself the job as Comptroller—a-la-figurehead, at a salary of about four thousand dollars a year.

Webb started out on a tour to prove to the porters all over the country that the Pullman Co. did not control and dominate the P. P. B. A. of A., as it is more familiarly known, but when several questions were shot at him in many of the larger districts he made a miserable failure of his mission.

Perry Parker, the Grand Chairman, a parlor car porter at the time was promoted by the Pullman Co. to the position as "Grand Exalted Ruler of Stool Pigeons," "Doctor of Religious Hypocrites" and "Professor of the School of Cringers," "Crocodile Weepers" and "Pretenders."

When this self-seeking dissembler took the field of action, it was discovered that he knew less about the origin and purpose of the Association than Webb did, but his ability to convert men into professional stools, and to soothe the minds of the restless with fat promises won him some disciples who still believe in him.

"Leave it to me," says Perry, "all you have got to do is to join the P. P. B. A. of A. and its members will be given preference to promotion."

Porters Forced to Join Pullman Porters' Benefit Association of America

The setting up of Local Lodges in the districts was made possible by the presence of the district superintendent, but the majority of the porters knew nothing about it and did not clearly understand at the time when they affixed their signatures that it was a shake down for the first quarterly assessment of $7 to be taken out of their pay checks with which to carry on the work of the Association.

The local officers have no power to function whatsoever because they receive their orders from the district superintendent of the Pullman Co. and not from the Grand Officers of the Association at Chicago.

Sick and death benefit checks are sent from the Chicago national headquarters located in the Pullman Building, to the Pullman District Superintendent, and the local Secretary or Treasurer has absolutely nothing to do with that.

The local officers, however, are expected to create a separate fund to carry on ritualistic meetings, with pass words, secret signs and grips, which is the camouflage to keep the BIG INSURANCE COMPANIES off their backs.

The truth is that the P. P. B. A. of A. is nothing but an INSURANCE COMPANY not incorporated, and operating as a fraternal organization in disguise.

With the failure to put over this rejected Association by fair means, and with despair in the minds of those who

determined to force it through, the Pullman Porters were told that unless they became members of the P. P. B. A. of A. they would not breathe in the same atmosphere with men who were already members.

Every scheme imaginable was employed to importune, cajole, and then threaten the men against their will to sign applications, and if a survey was made by some government agency upon neutral ground where the names of these men would be free from reprisals, these statements would be found to be true.

During my five years' experience as Local Chairman of Lodge No. 5, New York District, and as a delegate to the convention of 1924, I've compiled a mass of valuable data which gives a fair illustration of the Pullman Co. in the background, controlling the interests of the P. P. B. A. of A.

The two following letters are self-explanatory:

Subject: Physician's Disability Certificate of Porter, Jos. H. Smith

Mr. F. A. Cook, Supt.,
The Pullman Co.,
New York District,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I would respectfully call your attention to my communication of July 30, upon the above subject; Mr. Smith is in the City today, and advises that the reason that his dues were not paid is that he was home sick and no member of the Association called upon him, notwithstanding the fact that he notified the district office at the time of his injury.

I am returning you herewith this physician's disability certificate for your inspection. I would appreciate if you would institute a personal investigation into this matter, and if this man is entitled to the benefits that he has applied for, we desire to pay him. Your co-operation in this case will greatly facilitate settlement of this claim.

Yours truly,
(Signed) T. R. Webb, Comptroller.

July 18, 1925.

Mr. J. A. Rittenhouse, Supt.,
The Pullman Company,
Grand Central,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find vouchers accompanied by checks made in favor of porters D. P. Miller and R. W. Beard of your District in the sum of $17.12 and $61.42 respectively.

The return of the vouchers properly signed will be greatly appreciated.

Yours very truly,
T. R. Webb, Comptroller.

The financial report of 1924, showed a membership of over seven thousand and a surplus of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Despite this fact the men who are appointed as tellers and poll clerks for the annual primary and final elections are expected to lose two weeks pay off the road with no compensation from the association for their services, as this letter will explain.

September 29, 1924.

Mr. A. L. Totten, Chairman, Local No. 5,
c/o Mr. F. A. Cook, Supt.,
New York District,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

This is to advise that we are in receipt of communications from several districts making inquiry as to the payment of men who are withheld from service to assist at the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association Primary and Final Elections.

This is to advise you that the Association is not in a position to pay men to remain away from their work to care for these elections. The chairmen of the local lodges are requested to ask members of the Association who are at home on their lay-over to give the Association some of their time to assist in the conduct of those elections by appointment.

While the amount involved at each district for the payment for supervision of the election does not seem great, in the aggregate considering all the large districts in the service who have made application in paid supervision, it would run into a very large amount of money, so the Association will be unable to compensate anyone for this work.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Perry Parker, Grand Chairman.

The members of the Association at New York district refused to work at the polls without pay, in consequence of which I took the liberty as Local Chairman to wire Perry Parker that there would be no election held in N. Y. District unless provisions were made to pay the men.

The moment it became known that I had wired Parker, I was ordered before the Superintendent, the late F. E. Cooke, who attempted to humiliate me.

"Get this out of your head that there will be no election," said he. "If the men refuse to function without pay, I will place S. J. Freeman, the Welfare Worker, W. C. Taylor and John Mingo the Porter Instructors to watch the polls."

I reminded the superintendent that it was I who had been elected Chairman of Local 5, and he replied that it made no difference, it is my duty to first consult him before doing anything in connection with the Association.

Pullman Porters Do Not Read Enough, Hence They Are Tricked

It is safe to say that over seventy-five per cent of the members of the Association have never read the Constitution and By-Laws, and do not understand the true meaning of the language expressed in it.

In Article 2 it specifically states that the object of this Association is to improve and uplift the moral and financial condition of its members, thereby elevating the service and employment in which they are engaged and rendering the same attractive to the best elements of the Negro race.

In other words, one of the aims and purposes of the Association is to extract an annual assessment of twenty-six dollars a year, the present rate, for the creation of a fund to elevate the porters service on the cars for the benefit of the Pullman Co.

Having accomplished this at the expense of the porters, their jobs will be made attractive to the best elements of the Negro race, and the pamphlet which is evidently published by the Pullman Co., spells the word Negro with a common "n."

It reads further: "to cultivate fraternal and brotherly regard among the members and their families, and to form local associations or lodges with ritualistic form of work."

No such lodges are found to exist anywhere, and as a matter of fact the members of the Association know nothing about these secret grips and passwords.

With the exception of a few of the "Uncle Tom" type the members of the Association feel that their only duties are to pay their assessments as they do after they have taken out any other insurance policy, and for which they are entitled to certain privileges.

They do not see why it should be incumbent on them to pay any extra dues for the maintenance of this so-called fraternity, to be ordered out regaled for funerals and memorial services, because the original idea was repudiated by them, and consequently they will not be made to yield to force.

In some districts there are Ladies' Auxiliaries to the P. P. B. A. of A., where poor, misguided (some of whom are feeble minded) women relatives of the porters are admitted, but in none of these auxiliaries can there be found anyone who is able to give an intelligent explanation what they are organized to do.

In Kansas City, Kans., there is a militant group against the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, whose sympathies reach out in favor of "white man's superiority."

When called upon to explain the aims and purposes of their auxiliary one woman replied that they were banded together to bring a little more religion to the porters.

"The white man is very good to us," said another, "we don't want our husbands to earn any more money."

Another suggested that if the porters had any troubles we should take them to the Lord.

It was without doubt the most pitiable demonstration of criminal ignorance I ever saw in all my life.

In Boston, the city of Culture, I had a very long interview with Mrs. Banks, the President of the Ladies' Auxiliary there.

I had been told that she was active using her influence through her many leading organizations of Boston to destroy the usefulness of the Brotherhood local there.

I was also amazed when I learned that the Association attempted to snub Mrs. Minnie T. Wright, an outstanding figure among the representative women of the Negro race, merely because she had addressed a meeting of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

Mrs. Banks admitted that she knew nothing about the condition of Pullman Porters and their right, value and necessity to organize independently, and she also knew a great deal less about the P. P. B. A. of A.

Mrs. Banks did not know that on November 17, 1925, President Carry of the Pullman Co., addressed the delegates of the P. P. B. A. of A. and after referring to the unborn child of a porter as the little porter, said that the Negro could never be considered the equal of a white man.

In Los Angeles, Cal., I addressed the Ladies' Auxiliary there and found them to be a well-meaning group who did not know that their services contributed to a cunningly devised scheme to keep their own race in virtual slavery.

Part of Article 6 of the Constitution reads as follows: The Pullman Co. is therefore requested to make it possible for the attendance of delegates to the Grand Association (*i. e.*, the annual convention) and of directors and officers at general or special meetings to assist so far as possible the officers in the discharge of their duties, to contribute a fair proportion of the amount necessary to pay the expense of conducting the business operations of the Association in order that assessments and dues of members may so far as possible be used for the payment of benefits provided, and generally to co-operate in the furtherance of the objects of the Association.

Imagine the Pullman Co. suddenly extending charity to a self-supporting and highly profitable organization, without dictating its policies.

A Few Pertinent Questions Which Demand an Intelligent Answer

The nine thousand members of this Association who pay $26 per year out of their wages toward the support of this Association have the right by the Federal Laws of these United States and without the interference of the Pullman Co. to demand that Perry Parker, the Grand Chairman, answer these questions:

1. Why is it necessary that every convention be held in Chicago?
2. Why was the last convention suddenly removed from the Y.M.C.A. and held in the offices of the Pullman Building?
3. Why is Perry Parker the only nominee for Grand Chairman at every convention?
4. Why do they send a large majority of the same delegates every year?
5. Why is it necessary for each Local Lodge to send their resolutions to the Grand offices in the Pullman Building at Chicago six weeks before the date of the convention?
6. Why are these resolutions blue penciled before they are handed in to the convention?
7. Why is the resolution committee always made up of men from the south and south-western districts?
8. Why is Mr. Greenlaw, the legal brain of the Pullman Co., admitted as the principal speaker in the executive session of the convention, and who gives him the authority to tell the delegates what they can or cannot do with their own money?
9. Why is Mr. Cummins, the Treasurer of the Pullman Co., admitted in their executive sessions?
10. Is it not a fact that T. R. Webb, Comptroller, who is under bond, cannot issue a check in excess of fifty dollars until the voucher is O'K'd by the Treasurer of the Pullman Co.?
11. Does Mr. Duncan, the grand treasurer of the P. P. B. A. of A. who is under bond, receive in his own hands from the Pullman Co., Cashier Dept., the assessments of the members which they are authorized to draw out of their pay checks?
12. Does he at all times keep an accurate account of all receipts and disbursements which is not cogged off from the Comptroller's balance sheet and is he in a position at all times if suddenly called upon to make a financial report?
13. Can he do this without appealing to the auditor of the Pullman Co.?
14. Why is every officer of the P. P. B. A. of A. a Negro Pullman Official, on the payroll of the Pullman Co., and are not Pullman Porters?

If Perry Parker cannot answer these questions satisfactorily to the members of this Association it is the duty which every man owes to his wife, his children, and himself that he be removed from office.

And if the members experience any difficulty from the Pullman Company removing him and effecting control of their own organization they ought to make a quiet appeal to the various INSURANCE COMPANIES all over the United States and test the legality of this outrage.

Scanning further into this colossal fraud, it is found that the Executive Board is made up of Perry Parker the Grand Chairman and six others all of whom are Negro officials of the Pullman Co., and not porters at all.

This Executive Board has plenary powers, they can remove officers elected by the delegates in convention assembled, increase or decrease pays and they have power to suspend or expel members from the Association after they have insured themselves against sickness or death for twenty-six dollars a year.

When a porter leaves the service of his own accord he may retain his membership with the Association by paying increased assessments of fifty per cent or thirty-nine dollars a year for the same benefits and denied the right to vote or hold any office.

In the convention of November, 1924, Greenlaw, the legal brain of the Pullman Co., said that this law was instituted because the Pullman Co., did not want anyone in the Association who is not a Pullman Porter.

In other words, when a porter is dismissed from the Pullman Co., dishonorably, the Executive Board who are a part of the Pullman management, have power to oust him out of the Association, and he loses all benefits which every insurance gives him the right to enjoy as long as he pays his assessments when they become due.

Pullman Porters Benefit Association Fights Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

When the movement started to organize the porters into an independent union of, by, and for themselves, great care was taken not to do anything to hurt the progress of the P. P. B. A. of A.

Despite the many suggestions by porters who thought that provisions ought to be made to add an insurance to the Brotherhood, the organizers refrained from any action which might be misconstrued as an attempt to run opposition against them.

But the P. P. B. A. of A., immediately started out to fight the Brotherhood vigorously and it is generally believed that the funds of the Association was ruthlessly wasted to pay off Negro detectives, editors, preachers, and would-be race leaders.

An experienced journalist estimates that the amount paid such papers like the Chicago Defender, Whip, Enterprise for the half page advertisements of the P. P. B. A. of A., was no less than eleven hundred dollars.

By further calculation it is believed that the amount paid to Mitchell of the St. Louis Argus for his services and the tip off "when these people will be in St. Louis" was a check for five hundred dollars.

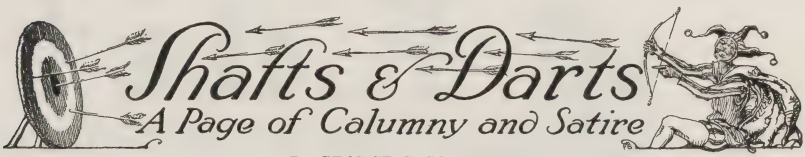
The attitude of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters toward the Pullman Porters Benefit Association of America is fair, just, and reasonable.

If the Association is for Pullman Porters, then it should be controlled and operated by Pullman Porters only, and I might mention by way of passing that the Maids have a right to membership in it also.

If the Association is in any way indebted to the Pullman Co., they should pay off that indebtedness.

But it is a direct insult to the Negro Race to permit the funds of the P. P. B. A. of A., to be controlled by the

(*Continued on page* 285)



By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Monthly Award

As this matter goes to press, a carload of bandana handkerchiefs are being sent to Rev. Charles Plummer, of the Lowery Institute and Industrial School, of Mayesville, South Carolina. This in addition to the monthly award: the beautiful cutglass thunder-mug. The views of Br'er Plummer are, in part, written below. They reveal the Brother as the logical descendant of the renowned Uncle Tom. They were expressed by our sable contemporary in an interview with a Washington journalist which was reprinted in a recent number of the famed Dearborn Independent. Folks, scan the following:

"I have advised the negro to stay home on election day and dig potatoes. His vote doesn't count for anything. He only starts trouble. . . . I personally do not want to see a Negro in Congress . . . a Negro Congressman can do us no good. He certainly can do us a lot of harm. . . . I would rather see my people stay away from the polls. . . .

"Of course there is racial inferiority, but that should cause the black man no resentment. . . . He never amounted to anything until the white man took hold; even though the white man sold him into slavery, it has proved his salvation. . . . .

"Joseph was a trustworthy fellow in spite of all he went up against. He went into Egypt and was sold unto Potiphar. Having great love and respect for his master, he did not betray his trust when temptation came. Neither did the Negro in the South. Later Potiphar elevated Joseph. Just so the white man will help the Negro and will put him in his rightful place—not at the top, but in the place he deserves and where he belongs."

The white newspaper correspondent who interviewed the Rev. Plummer neglected to say whether that worthy's hat was just held in his hand or glued to his hand during their chat.

Aframerican Fables No. 10

It was terribly cold. The wind whistled, howled and swept down the streets and around corners; street signs swayed and screached; the sidewalks, bare of snow, resounded with the hurried footsteps of occasional pedestrians. There were no loiterers on the street corners—they had fled to the pool rooms, buffet flats and blind pigs. The yellow lights from the rows of shops shone upon deserted sidewalks. Street cars rattled by and motors steamed through the streets. It was winter in Harlem.

In a buffet flat on Seventh avenue, a corpulent Italian bootlegger reclined in an over-stuffed chair, toying with a cigarette and conversing with his high brown "friend," a girl of about thirty summers who looked quite comfortable and alluring in her purple silk negligee. Together they had arrived at the conclusion that they could make far more money than was at present rolling into their treasury. Not by selling more pseudo Gordon's Gin and charging more to transient roomers, could this be done. No, they had worked out another plan.

Briefly, they were going to bring a large number of beautiful Ofay females to Harlem and place them in appropriate surroundings to be conveniently reached by sable bucks. Already the Latin had gone to various parts of the town and rounded up several score of Caucasian damsels all of whom had either auburn, golden or flaxen locks. Nordics predominated. Both schemes were quite confident that in a few weeks they would be rolling in the wealth that this ambitious venture would bring.

Next week several brand new clubs appeared in various side streets of the world's largest Negro city. The prominent business, professional and sporting dinges of the community were given cards of membership, substantial and insinuating advertisements appeared in the Negro newspapers, the police were "fixed" for "protection," all the clergymen were made members, and a local magazine, The Rattler, which carried the sub-head "All the Slime; That's What We Get," carried some very plain hints. Everything, to descend to the Latin, was Jake.

Now it would naturally be expected that these clubs would have flourished; that money would have streamed into the pockets of the Italian owner; that there would have always been a long queue of Senegambian bucks, pockets bulging with cash, clamoring for admission; that dark wives would have been left alone nightly to sob their hearts out; that, in short, social life in Harlem would have been wrecked by this influx of damsels with pink epidermis.

But alas! to the sorrow and regret of the Latin and his high brown "friend," the Negroes of the community proved to be so race conscious that they avoided the exclusive "clubs" despite the desperate attempts to interest them. Nightly the Caucasian maids would trip Fifth, Seventh, Lenox, Edgecombe and St. Nicholas Avenues, enter the movies, theatres, cabarets and restaurants, on a still hunt for prospects, but to no avail. Two weeks, three weeks, then a month passed. Not a single dollar had the race conscious Negro males disgorged. So, having lost thousands of dollars, the bootlegger and his lady "friend" hastily closed their numerous establishments, sent their golden haired nymphs back below 125th Street, and, sadder and wiser, returned to the business of bootlegging and number banking. Another battle had been won for race consciousness. It was established to the satisfaction of everyone that Nordic dames could no longer lure the Ethiope from the charming maidens of his race.

Baron Maunchausen will now rise and recite one of *his* stories!

Ruminations of a Bachelor

The bachelor has always wondered why women prefer to be lied to. They will closely question a man for the truth, yet when he tells them the truth, they are usually dissatisfied and downcast. For instance, a commonplace affair will be going on between a man and a woman. No real deep emotions have been aroused on either side. The woman realizes this—that physical satisfaction is the only tie that binds, and yet she will pester him for a declaration of undying love. A conversation something like this usually takes place about 2:30 A. M.:

She: You don't care a thing about me, do you? (this accusingly).

He: Why, yes I do, sugar. You know I do.

She: Oh, no you don't! All you want is to use me—you don't love me.

He: Well, I like you an awful lot, or I wouldn't be spendin' so much time with you.

She: Yeh! You *like* me but you don't love me. Why can't you *love* me? I love *you* (this with her tongue in her cheek). Why can't *you* love me?

He (if he isn't a boob): Well, honey, you know I don't carry on a lot and make a lot of fuss over you—it ain't my way—but I *do* love you. I love you better than any other girl I've ever known. You're so sweet and affectionate!

She: Oh, do you, daddy? I do love to hear you say it. That's so sweet of you. I'm so happy.

Note: Next night the same conversation takes place between the same girl and a different fellow.

Virginity

Why it is that so many men value virginity in women so highly has always been one of the world's greatest mysteries, for, aside from the satisfaction of the pioneering urge, it has no value. Indeed, the attitude of men toward it, is quite contrary to their reasoning in regard to everything else. The state of virginity implies inexperience and incompetence in one of the greatest fields of human endeavor and pastime. Everywhere else men frown upon inexperience and incompetence, but in sex it is elevated into a high and unmerited position. Of course there are a minority of men of experience who avoid the virgin and condemn the fictitious value placed upon her, but their voices are drowned in the clamor of nitwits.

Edito

Opinion of the leading

Mexico and Her Troubles

Revolution-ridden Mexico is now beset by the problem of separating church and state. Most of the modern governments have achieved this separation. The verdict of history has been that it is essential to political and social progress. In Mexico, the church has been, as an institution, of great financial and political power ever since Mexico won its independence from Spain in 1811. Then the wealth of the church, formerly taken by the king of Spain, remained in the church coffers. Since all faithful adherents of the church gave it one-tenth of all their income, the property of the church rapidly accumulated. By the middle of the last century the Catholic church is said to have owned nearly one-half of all the wealth of Mexico. It was the nation's largest banker, lending great sums to the large landowners at low rates of interest, and in return receiving one-tenth of their estates when they died.

It was quite natural, therefore, that the church in Mexico should have allied itself with big landowners and the army, and later with the new industrial magnates, to maintain its power and safeguard its possessions. Thus when Benito Juarez, the great champion of republicanism, endeavored to overthrow the emperor and establish a Mexican Republic in 1857, the church naturally opposed him. After seven years of struggle Juarez won out.

It is generally recognized that as late as 1912, the Catholic Party was a very real power in Mexican politics. Recently, the church has been accused of backing counter-revolutionists seeking to undo the liberties won by the people in the Madiero revolution.

When Mexican labor finally organized its military and political power and crushed the last uprising against the new government in 1917, it immediately sought to make its gains permanent by enacting a new constitution. In the constitution all the old restrictions on the church embodied by Juarez in the constitution of 1857 and the Reform Laws were re-enacted, and in addition new restrictions making it forever impossible for the Catholic Church or any other church to become again a political power in Mexico.

What were some of these constitutional restrictions? In the constitution of 1857, there is this covering statement upon which all of the restrictive measures are based:

"The federal authorities shall have exclusive power to exercise in matters of religious worship and outward ecclesiastic forms, such intervention as by law is authorized."

Herein lies the kernel of the whole religious controversy in Mexico today. The church maintains that this provision abrogates all of its rights and privileges. The Government claims, on the other hand, that the peculiar religious and political situation in Mexico renders it imperative that such power be vested in its hands.

The constitution also provides that "The Church and State are independent of each other. Congress shall not enact laws establishing or forbidding any religion."

Who will emerge victorious, is practically impossible to foretell at this writing.

President Calles is strong and has apparently won favor among the people by many deserving, worthwhile policies. Still the church is rich and powerful, with centuries of experience behind it.

It is the hope of lovers of liberty everywhere that religious freedom will be recognized in Mexico, that Catholics or anybody else be protected in the right to worship according to the dictates of *their own conscience*. They also hope to see Mexico achieve complete separation between Church and State, a consummation devoutly to be wished for in the modern world.

British Miners Ask American Labor for Aid

The British miners are still on strike, struggling to maintain living wages and decent hours of work. The fight has been unduly prolonged as a result of the stubborn resistance of mine owner and mine worker alike for the recognition of their respective demands. Needless to say, that the wages of the miners, unlike the profits of the mine owners, did not enable them to lay aside a surplus to live on in a conflict such as this without some suffering.

It is to ameliorate this suffering, to assuage and relieve the economic strain and stress under which the wives and children of the miners are living that a delegation of miners has come to America, seeking aid from the American workers. It is our hope that their call will be answered bounteously. They are our brothers and we, white and black, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant workers are their keepers. The victory of the miners in England will help the cause of labor in America. Just as the American capitalists have gone to the rescue of the decadent capitalists in Europe, so the workers in America must succor the brave struggle and hard-pressed workers in England. The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters will contribute its bit to their cause.

The Mediation Board

The Board of Mediation set up under the new Railway Labor Act, has gotten under way. It settled down to its first case the early part of August, in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City.

The first case involved the interests of the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. These organizations had submitted their requests for wage increases to the carriers, and they were rejected. Under the provisions of the Act, the next step was for the Board of Mediation to inter-

rials

colored American thinkers

vene with a view to bringing about an understanding. The meetings have been secret. In the event no amicable settlement of the cases is reached through the Board, arbitration will be the next step. The future service of the Board as an agency for the adjustment of disputes between railway employers and employees will be very largely determined by its handling of this its first case.

Fewer Strikes

More and more industrial disputes, as they ought to be, are being submitted to the conference table. The workers have only resorted to the strike, as a general rule, when the employers were too intolerant to submit their contentions to orderly and methodical discussion.

According to a study of the Federal Council of Churches, ending July first, there has been a fifty per cent decrease in strikes in manufacturing establishments in the five year period 1921-1925 as compared with 1916-20.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, what was the *cause* of these strikes. In 1921 and 1922 most of the strikes, according to the study, were defensive, to prevent the loss of something already achieved rather than to gain some desired goal. Then came the aggressive period in 1923, to regain losses. In 1924 and 1925 the number of strikes has again increased. In 1920, the Council of Churches points out, there were 1,429 strikes to secure wage increases, and 147 to prevent wage decreases. Then came the period of "deflation" which swept thousands of farmers into bankruptcy and put millions of industrial workers on the streets jobless. That year there were 120 strikes to increase wages and 896 strikes to prevent wage reductions. The decrease in the number of strikes is the direct result of an increase in power of the workers and their increase in power is based upon their increase in organization, education, and agitation.

The Chicago Bee

The recent expose of the political corruption in connection with the recent primaries in Chicago, reveal the crying need for a thorough-going cleaning-out of its wicked and venal politicians, white and black. The old guard politicians, ecclesiastical and secular, have become so arrogant and bold that they talk and act as though they were above the will of the people. Note how they defied the Senate Committee, under Jim Reed, investigating slush funds in the Pennsylvania and Illinois primaries. Were their hands clean would they be so adamant against the investigation? Not at all. Only a man with a false stone shuns a lapidary.

Samuel Insull, head of the public utilities interest and his lawyer, Daniel Schuyler, virtually set themselves above the law in refusing, point blank, to give testimony. This is the same crowd which is corrupting Negro politics on the South side. Dan Schuyler has set himself up as a sort of social and political dictator of black Chicago, under the guise of being the Negroes' friend. It is a grave reflection and a crying disgrace upon the intelligent, self-respecting Negroes of that community. With Chicago's Negro population of some 150,000, there is not the slightest necessity for these Negroes being dominated by any sharp-practicing politicians, whatsoever.

The only clear voice which has been raised against it is the Chicago *Bee*, edited by Chandler Owen. He is fearlessly laying bare the flagrant, notorious political juggling of the old crowd politicians. It comes as a fitting climax to his masterly expose of the Chicago *Whip*, for which he ought to be granted the Pulitzer prize for constructive jouralism.

The Chicago *Bee* can bring about a "new day" of political decency, honesty, independence and vision in Chicago. Black Chicago ought to support it. Decent people everywhere, black and white, will acclaim it. More power to the *Bee!*

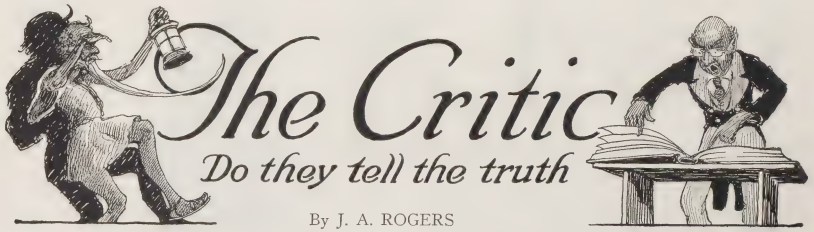
It is high time that the Negroes reached the place where they will not permit some political wolf masquerading in sheep's clothing to shift them around like pawns on the political checker-board to satisfy the selfish ambitions of some white politicians with their black political parasitic satellites. The time has come for an entirely new deal in politics, in industry and everything else. Negroes have moved into the cycle of political self-reliance. They don't need sympathy, mercy, or charity. They need and want only justice.

In order to get justice, however, they must build up political organizations financed by Negroes, which means that they will be responsible only to Negroes. This is the task of the New Negro. It is what the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is doing in industry.

The Primaries and Corruption

Since the expose of the notorious graft and corruption scandal in the Pennsylvania primaries for the election of Pepper, Pinchot and Vare, a smoke-screen of misrepresentations and falsehoods has been set up by astute apoligists for the sinister practice of purchasing elections, to conceal the unclean hands of Big Business in politics. This smoke-screen consists in the attempt to put all of the blame on the system of primaries for the corruption. Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, would have the country know that the State of Pennsylvania is no small western burg, but a real, regular state which must needs do things on a big scale, not the least among which is buying an election.

(*Continued on page 287*)



By J. A. ROGERS

One Giant Porter

Speaking recently at a meeting of the Brotherhood, Morris Hillquitt brilliant radical leader, said there were two ways for the Pullman porters to regard themselves. One was as 12,000 separate porters, who, should two, or three, or a few dozens of them fail to report one evening could be replaced with little inconvenience; the other, was for the 12,000 to regard themselves as *one giant porter*, who, should he fail to report at any time would make it tremendously interesting for the Pullman Company.

And this is the whole thing in a nutshell. This is beyond argument as every porter and maid, too, has at bottom a common interest, namely, to get the highest wages, and the best working conditions, just as any other worker, regardless of color. It has been only by standing together in organizations that humanity has been able to accomplish anything, whether it be a matter of getting better wages, making war or peace, getting the presidency or any other political office, or doing almost anything bad or good. The man, who decides to stand alone, will find himself pretty much like the letters of the alphabet, which, when taken singly are almost impotent to express anything, but when combined are capable of moving vast masses of humanity to action.

And let not those porters who keep out of the Brotherhood deceive themselves into thinking that they are going to get justice in any other way. At bottom the company and the porters have nothing in common. That is, the Pullman Company like any other concern is a money-making proposition, first of all. The porter's first idea in working is also to make money, and if he has a soul above a jelly-fish to make as much of it as possible, hence, it will be seen that the more the porter gets the less the company will have to pay to its stockholders. Whenever the porter gets a raise, down goes the dividend unless there is a boost in rates. It will be seen then that, at bottom, the interest of the porter, the stockholder, and to no small extent the passenger, are poles apart no matter how much one may try to cloud the issue with words. The porter who refuses to join the Brotherhood then is really fighting against himself on behalf of the company.

Another important point: Porters are Negroes having to deal with white men. Now if white men found it necessary in their dealing with other white men to form unions to get better wages and better working conditions how much more necessary it is for a group which is discriminated against, even by many white workers, to organize?

And the porter who refuses to join is going to reap, and has been reaping a benefit, just as the unions have benefited all the non-union workers, black and white, by raising the standard of wages. Hence all self-respecting porters, those with souls above that of the sponge or the parasite will jump in and help.

Is Black Ever White?

Walter White, author of "The Fire in the Flint," in an interesting article on his mental reactions to criticisms of his latest book, "Flight," says among other things:

"Then there are amusing editorials like that which came to me from a Florida paper—the *Miami News*, which scored me for 'drawing upon my imagination in trying to picture the experiences of a Negro who passes for white.' The writer goes on to intimate that there is no such thing as a Negro successfully passing himself off as a white person and, therefore, I wrote of things wholly foreign to my own experience. I was tempted sorely to send him a photograph —being somewhat laden with work just now prevents my paying a personal visit upon the editor in Miami—and let it convince the Florida Horace Greeley that there WERE Negroes who could, if they chose to do so, might cross the line."

For once I find myself agreeing with a cracker. I, too, insist that you cannot find any human being of any color passing off for another color, unless he stains his face, or possesses the qualities of a chameleon, or the people he goes among are color-blind. If a man has a coloring that among human beings is known as white, he is white regardless of what his ancestry may be. He certainly isn't blue, or green, or yellow or red, not if I am to go by the color-chart, and use my own eyes, and commonsense instead of the eyes of American race prejudice.

Because of the prejudiced idea that one can be white and black in complexion at the same time, every one of known Negro ancestry has a common interest. But at the same time it is high time that we learn to use our own eyes and own judgment about things, and not to accept the biased views of others. The white man, wishes to maintain a separate exploiting caste, and when we use his phraseology—a phraseology that is two hundred and fifty years behind the time—we but help to keep the chains fastened on ourselves.

If one is dark-brown, or brown, or yellow, or white-skinned, he is that color, that's all. It is a simple fact, possessing neither honor nor disgrace. If one is mixed Caucasian or Negro or Indian he is that as a fact, no matter how much prejudiced whites, or blacks, who use the eyes of white men to look at themselves, may say to the contrary. No matter what others may say, I, for one, cannot see two races, or a dozen in America. I see but one American people, speaking a common language, and at bottom having a common ideal, shading in color by imperceptible degrees from white to black, or black to white, as you will—this variety of coloring being of as little moment to the real human value as the variety of hair coloring.

Yes, I agree with the writer of the *Miami News*, though I fancy he won't thank me for the endorsement, that a Negro cannot successfully pass off as a white person. A white cow or mouse; a white dog or louse hasn't to "pass off" as white: *they are white*.

One of the first things towards "solving" this so-called race problem is to learn to call things by their right name.

Mr. White's point of view is no doubt due to the fact that he is not ashamed of his ancestry—a fact, which I, for one, have ample proof. He is one of the few, regardless of complexion, who has taken up the cudgels for justice for conviction's sake rather than money's sake. He believes in the group to which, logically and biologically, he belongs least—believes in it to the extent of having in it hostages to fame and fortune, by which I mean if he were to send a photograph of his children to the editor of the *Miami News*, little as that worthy is likely to know which of his associates are white and which "colored," he would know that the children are colored.

Mr. White's attitude in this last mentioned respect is clearly a rebuke to many, obviously colored, nevertheless I, for one do not call him a Negro. In "Flight" he speaks of his heroine, Mimi, as belonging to the Negro race. There is but one race—the human race—and in so far as Mimi belonged to any variety of it, she belonged to the so-called white race. I regard any other point of view as too big a concession to the Bourbon, who insist that if one is thirty-one parts of one thing and only one of another, he belongs to the one, because of some magical, or heaven-only-knows what quality involved. Now I am not going to accept that though all the crackers in Christendom shouted it in my ear.

I recognize, moreover, that right here is the fountain-head of the so-called color line, to which I am totally and unalterably opposed particularly when there is such a large percentage of citizens of the same descent as Mr. White and either do not know or wouldn't acknowledge it.

ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO—THE LAND OF ESPERANZA

By ANITA SCOTT COLEMAN

It is singular, that most persons think of Arizona and New Mexico in unity. The fact is, that Arizona was a part of New Mexico until 1863 when it was divided by Congress into a separate territory. Since, each, not so many years ago attained the status of Statehood, they have striven diligently, albeit amiably to establish a distinct and separate individualism.

Yet for this once, we shall consider them as one.

Together they cover an area of 235,654 square miles, a boundless region of vast treasures.

Their mineral resources are limitless. Manganese, iron, coal, oil, zinc, copper, gold, silver, onyx and marble, meerchaum and turquoise, emeralds, sapphires, garnets and opals lie buried in level plains and rugged mountains.

Great stretches of timbered lands are protected in forest reserves, and one forest in Holebroke, Arizona, is so old, it is petrified, its trees but solid rock. The lower mountain ranges and hills are covered with stunted growth of pine, juniper, pinon, cedar, and oak. The rolling prairies are arrayed in the wonder vegetation of the Southwest—the cactus, the sagebrush, the mesquite, and the yucca.

Its surface is traversed by rivers. The greatest of these being the Rio Grande, the old reliable, of whom legend says: obligingly changed its course to suit the whim of "el Gringo;" cleaving the State of New Mexico from tip to toe as it wends its way to the Gulf. This and the Pecos and the Gila rivers along with their tributaries water extraordinarily fertile valleys; in which wonder apples, figs, apricots, grapes, wheat, corn, cotton, and alfalfa are produced. While the Colorado River in Arizona is that small and turbid stream which has wrought through centuries the mighty marvel of the Grand Canyon.

The animals and the insects of these States, like its arid vegetation, are unique. Here is the home of the Gila-monster, the vinegerone, the rattlesnake, the centipede, the tarantula and the nina de terra. The coyote and the prairie dog keep watch upon its plains, the fox and deer, the wolf and bear, sheep and mountain lions, and countless feathered "game," bestow upon their natal states the title: "The hunting ground of the United States."

Another natural resource is the climate. Rarely does the sun hide its face from these two states. Endless breezes lilt and sing as effective as an electric fan in summer and as bracing as a tonic.

Natural resources are the gifts of generous Nature, and industry is the outcome of man's manipulations of these gifts.

Since minerals are strewn in such lavish quantities, mining is an important occupation, the leading one in Arizona. Copper is yet being taken from "workings" bearing the scars and marks of the day when Spaniards conquered and enslaved the Indian, gave him the crude implements of the time and sent him chained into the bowels of the earth to delve for treasure. Later the white man came and conquered and so it is the Mexican miner rather than the Negro or the foreigner of the East, who goes down and up the shaft, in and out the tunnel, down and down into endless pits in quest of minerals.

The vast stretches of grass grown plains give rise to the cattle industry, the greatest pursuit in the State of New Mexico. To all appearances and despite legend—cattle raising is an exclusive white man's trade. Mexican cowboys there are and perhaps in a bygone day, the natives were large cattle owners—but today, one sees only the white cattleman. Occasionally one glimpses a Negro cowboy or rather a Negro who has learned a lot about cattle, quite likely, he has often gone with cattle-trains into Kansas, Nebraska, Old Mexico to punch cattle—to prevent any of the packed cattle lying down, where they would be trodden to death beneath the hoofs of the others—on their long railway journey. But very few black men have ridden beneath the stars, singing cowboy chants to still the restless herds. And in no instance has a black American, plied himself to the task of becoming one of the "big" cattlemen of the Southwest. Maybe, it is due to the side line of cattle rustling; which once upon a time accompanied cattle raising, most profitably, who knows?

In Arizona and New Mexico, man has aptly turned the climate into an industry. We have here the business of dispensing health to the health-seeker. The different chambers of commerce vie one with the other in advertisements of climate.

"Sunshine 365 days in the year," boasts New Mexico.

"Arizona—land of golden sunshine," acclaims Arizona.

Indisputably, these States offer the best in health giving "ozone" and revivifying sun-light. The Sanatorium is the outstanding feature of many towns. But Tucson, in Arizona and Silver City, in New Mexico, are favored spots. Prescott in Arizona and Ft. Bayard in New Mexico, the latter the largest sanatorium of its kind in the country, both Veteran Bureau Hospitals, treat Negro patients. Besides, these, there is no especial provision made for the Negro health-seeker. Several tentative efforts to establish a Negro sanatorium have fallen short. Yet, such an institution is a needed and certainly a humane project for an American Negro.

Again, the scenic wonders of these two States lures the tourist into their midst, while "big game" during the hunting seasons beguile the sportsmen and so the trade of entertaining a traveling public becomes an important one.

Farming, a new and steadily growing project owing to the recently completed dams for the conservation of a bountious water supply enabling irrigation on larger scales, the climate, the productivity of soil, and the acreage for large crops holds forth a promise of vast reward for the inhabitants of these States. Likewise, farming, more than all its other industries, swings wide its gates and cordially welcomes the Negro.

Cotton as an experiment. Cotton in the Maricopa valley and Mexican peon labor. Cotton in the Mesilla valley and Negro hands from the South. Cotton, a wonderful yield and experiment becomes an established fact. With it all there are many Negroes in Phoenix and some scattered throughout the State. And mayhaps, Mexican peons will eventually return to Mexico. But in the Mesilla valley, Vado, a Negro town is born. Jammed against the States scenic highway, plodding its way to the high road of success.

As industry is dependant upon natural resources, population is dependant upon industry. It is seen, then, that industry in these States has held little promise for the Negro.

The inhabitants here are as striking as the plant and animals of Arizona and New Mexico. They are historically interesting. Consisting of fast dwindling tribes of Indians, living echoes of a by-gone day, remnants of a centuries-old civilization. The tatters of the Aztecs. cliff dwellers and the humble dwellers in Pueblos. And the Spanish-American or Mexican native, the first conquerors of Indians, plenteous whites, and essentially, it is the home of the half-breed, the inevitable outcome.

where two or more races meet and mingle in an unaccustomed freedom.

While here and there are Negroes, like straggly but tenacious plants growing, nevertheless, though always in the larger towns. Becoming fewer and fewer, until in many or in all of the remoter hamlets and towns they are as sparse as rose bushes upon the prairies.

But all, which the Negro has failed to give to the industry or to the population of Arizona and New Mexico, he has made amends for with the contribution to its history.

It is potent to recall that in 1538, Estevan, the Negro slave in the role of interpreter and guide to the Friar Marcos de Niza, was sent on ahead to spy upon the people and the strange lands they were entering, and send back reports to his peers. Thus, it was that Estevan the Negro, was first to behold the wonders of the seven cities, and though, he, himself was killed, sent back the report:—"Advance, the find is worth it."

Negroes have fought and struggled over all the vast stretches that included the one time Indian Territory, the Panhandle, New Mexico and Arizona, throughout the years of Indian warfare. Most of the old settlers among Negroes in "these parts" are descended or related to a hoary-haired and fast-passing, honorably discharged, Indian war fighter, who thought wearily upon receiving his discharge, that "here" was as good as "way back there" to settle down and rest after his long arduous campaign.

And mingled with the tales of Indians on warpaths are the stories of heroism performed by avenging whites and all interwoven with these deeds are mingled the deeds of solitary Negroes.

In 1916 Negroes helped patrol the borders in New Mexico and Arizona, safeguarding the doorways through which Villa or a mightier foe might enter. That Villa did enter and raided Columbus, New Mexico, was no fault of theirs. Yet, they, it was, who rode out in to chaparral hard on the trail of the treacherous Villa, to their death in Carrizol.

Among the famous acts of outlawry are knit the acts of black men. Oft'times they have accompanied posses in the capture of dangerous bandits. And a black man was the first to fall before the deadly aim of Billy the Kid, in a gambling hall in Silver City.

Among famous frontier huntsmen are the names of Negroes. One George Parker, was the best crack shot and the gamest bear hunter who ever followed a trail. He was also a lucky prospector and amassed a fortune in mines. As did his friend John Young, who still survives; who was at one time the richest Negro and one of the wealthiest mine owners in the territory of New Mexico.

Among the lowly and humble tasks, which likewise make history, are such deeds as this: In Roswell a town of tree lined streets, it is told that a Negro, an old pioneer, recently deceased, planted the trees which grace the City's streets.

Withal, the Negroes in these States are an isolated lot, yet in nearly all instances they are home owners. In the remote hamlets, if there be blacks at all, they seem a bit hazy concerning their relationship to the great hordes of Negroes beyond their confines. This is not true of the groups in larger towns.

One is almost persuaded to say, that the brains and the brawn of the Negro population is gathered in Alberquerque. Negro enterprise of various sorts are here. Negro doctors and dentists reside here. Two churches are supported. The N. A. A. C. P. is represented—and it is the home of the *Southwest Review*, a Negro publication, edited by S. W. Henry.

Though the greatest outstanding feature of the Negro population is that in New Mexico, there are two exclusively Negro towns. Blackdom, sixteen miles south of Roswell and situated in the Chavis County oil area and Vado, previously mentioned, a score of miles below Las Cruces.

So far, in New Mexico, the Negro has not yet become a bone to gnaw in politics. He is not legislated either pro or con, he is an unconsidered quantity, due to his inconsequential numbers. But what New Mexico may or may not do is evidenced in the fact that the influx of Negro children to Dona Ana County the center of the cotton activity were not allowed to attend the schools. Separate schools were immediately installed, also Roswell in Chavis County maintains a separate school system.

On the other hand, Arizona has made rigid laws concerning her Negro inhabitants. A rather funny one is eight Negro children in any community is a sufficient quota for instituting a Negro school.

Boiled down to finality—these States are the mecca-land for the seeker after wealth—the land of every man to his own grubstake—and what-I-find-I-keep.

And criss-crossing in and out through the medley of adventure, stalk the few in number black folks. Often, it is only the happy-go-lucky, black gambler, again it is but the lone and weary black prospector—but ever and ever the intrepid, stalwart Negro homeseeker forms a small yet valiant army in the land of esperanza.

And over it all the joyous freedom of the West. The unlimited resourcefulness the boundless space—that either bids them stay—or baffles with its vastness—until it sends them scuttling to the North, the South, the East whence-so-ever they have come.

For here prevails for every man be he white or black a hardier philosophy—and a bigger and a better chance, that is not encountered elsewhere in these United States.

Formula

Poetry should treat
  Of lofty things
Soaring thoughts
  And birds with wings.

The Muse of Poetry
  Should not know
That roses
  In manure grow.

The Muse of Poetry
  Should not care
That earthly pain
  Is everywhere.

Poetry!
  Treat of lofty things:
Soaring thoughts
  And birds with wings.

LANGSTON HUGHES.

Autumn Note

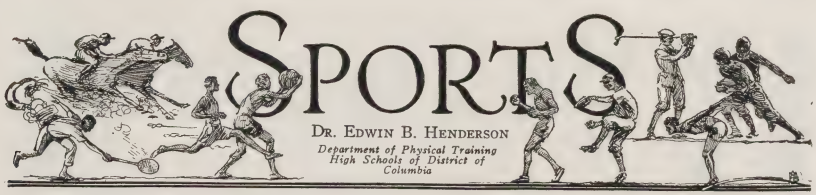
The little flowers of yesterday
Have all forgotten May.
The last gold leaf
Has turned to brown.
The last bright day is grey.
The cold of winter comes apace
And you have gone away.

J. CRUTCHFIELD THOMPSON.

For Dead Mimes

Oh, white-faced mimes,
May rose leaves
Cover you like snow.
And may Pierrette,
The faithful,
Rest forever with Pierrot.

EARL DANE.



Athletics

By this time the baseball will be edging towards the brink of innocuous desuetude and from all over the land myriads of boys and men in the schools and colleges will harken to the call of the pigskin and gridiron. The coaches have rounded out summer school courses at the feet of famous tutors of football play. High school boys have decided where to take on in college football. Schedules and plans for the games of the year are about complete. Attention of players and coaches have centered on the written side of football and from now on practical application of the art of combining theory and practice will center the stage. For the first time a serious attempt is to be made to have clear cut professional football. Teams will represent many cities. Players of national repute will be signed up for fairly fabulous salaries. Colored players have been in demand in the past on professional teams of football but we wonder when professional football becomes as largely extended as is paid baseball will the bar sinister be drawn. A player like Byrd of Lincoln would feature on many teams.

Lincoln vs. Tuskegee

In the old days a Tuskegee barnstorming football team went home sadder and wiser. Playing games every other day brought no victories. Then came Harvey of Morehouse and the athletic victories of the south were written mostly in the annals of the Atlanta school. But Cleve Abbott went from the west to Tuskegee and made a champion aggregation. With Stevenson, Joyner and Kitchin on hand and others of the 1925 eleven Tuskegee expects to descend upon the Lions of Lincoln on October 29th in Philadelphia and demonstrate that southern football has little to learn from above the Mason and Dixon Line. The game will be played in the Sesqui-Centennial exposition stadium. Next to the annual academic school classic in Washington on Thanksgiving Day eyes will make the Tiger-Lion scrap a cynosure.

Jungle Stuff

Imitativeness is no inconsequential trait to possess in the midst of a harrowing civilization. The Negro has it. Sometimes he imitates the good and as often the bad. In sports the various sport writer made appellations applied to our baseball teams and football teams help buffonery and humor to belittle our athletics. We have in baseball the Sox, the Browns, the Giants, Stars and in football, Tigers, Bears, Bisons, Lions. At least with college football we need not copy names. Many big colleges discourage the use of such names as unnecessary and undignified.

Shelving of Wills

It is hackneyed to say in the language of Barnum that the American people like to be fooled. Fools are born every minute and in America there are many to the square foot in some cities. Here we have Jack Dempsey a notorious draft dodger and a champion of set-ups who has been doing the African-Dodger stunt ever since Wills loomed big on his horizon and since he could see no farther than his new nose holding up the American public for a paltry million or so to fight another second rater. Gene Tunney, pride of the Montezuma Marines, has been trained to take over a championship. He may do it for few men be they Irish or Negroes can hit Hollywood and other equally precipitous high spots without losing some of the vital body cells necessary to undergo the gruelling hour of the prize ring. We have to hand it to the Chicago and New York Boards for stalling against the insistent demands of the Moron sporting public that cry for meat. They want to see their idol Dempsey fight and they don't care who. They saw him with one-blow, wild-man Firpo whose name sounded anthropoidal, and they saw him bruise up little Tommy Gibbons and they would like to see him with Wills but they know he is not ready for the grave digger yet since he has been gold digging on such a big scale out of the gullibility of the American public. Probably, when Wills gets too old to lift a leg or the glass grows into his arteries this public will urge him to pick up some young slugger and do battle. We do not forget however that in this so-called brutal sport there is more democratic spirit than in any other personal contact game. Witness Tiger Flowers, Lawson, Chick Suggs, as a few, battling around in rings with white fighters and before white crowds and getting a big hand for skill or fighting courage. The Dempsey vs. Wills fiasco is however simply a case of the love of the filthy lucre killing a real battle of a century. No matter what the outcome of the Tunney-Dempsey fight, the public from coast to coast will be left with that bad nauseating taste that comes from a crooked deal in sport.

New Sports

We are glad to see school boys taking up swimming. There are some real swimmers among the race. A little publicity of records and the attempt to get into the swimming races where they are permitted may bring us some record holders. A negro swimming the English Channel would do no harm. A few hitting around the records of Johnny Weismuller in competition would help. Lowell Wormley of Washington was a first stringer on Dartmouth's Lacrosse team last year. A few years ago Dick Woods formerly of Dunbar High School was notable at Ski jumping. Major Taylor in the old days in the bicycle sprints, Cable at the weights, Drew at the hurdles, Pollard in the jumps show versatility and help prove coordinations not unlike the best nerve-muscle efforts of the Nordic champions.

Tiger Flowers a Shrewd Boxer

The late Col. Charles Young once told the writer that the Negro in Oriental countries was as good a bargainer as the Jew. His uncanny understanding of human nature and ability to play on the vanities of most white men is evidenced in the shrewdness of the average shoe-shine vendor or servant in the house. Our middleweight champion, Tiger Flowers knows the game. He chants a hymn or mutters a prayer in the presence of press agents and adds color to his already colored self and colorful career. Where he fights they come and the shekels flow. Then, too, fighting white men admire a fighter who is not afraid of battle so the Deacon is popular. Let us hope he again goes Greb one better.

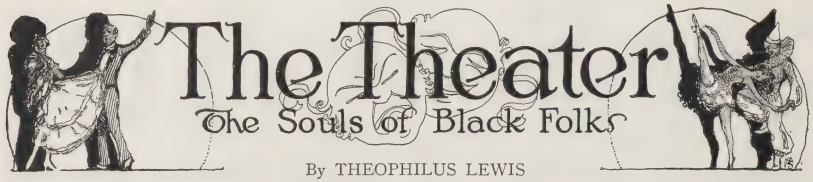
Tennis

At this writing tennis is raging in various sections. In Washington, D. C., the old master Tally Holmes took the measure of his youthful adversary the national champion Teddy Thompkins but in Philadelphia Saitch of New York downed Tally but Ted captured the crown from Saitch. The southeastern championships gave us a new hero in Marcellus Goff of Howard University who hails from Albany, N. Y. The games were played on the hard clay courts of Kittrell College. McGriff and Downing, veterans took the doubles. The skilled racquet wielders are doing a great good in the educational ferment at work in the uplift of our people about America. Tennis tournaments have a cultural influence upon player and spectator not to be found in any other sport except perhaps in golf.

New Year

The years
Fall like dry leaves
From the top-less tree
Of eternity.
Does it matter
That another leaf has fallen?

LANGSTON HUGHES.



By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

SURVEY OF THE NEGRO: No. II.

Its Economic Weakness

Even an extremely conservative estimate of the amount of money Negroes spend on the theater presents a surprisingly large figure. In New York alone the two theatres which give vaudeville and musical shows collect admission fees amounting to at least $1,000 a day. The admissions paid to the five moving picture theaters in the district amount to no less than $1,000 more. An extremely cautious estimate would put the amount spent on the theater in Harlem alone at $600,000 a year, enormously more than all the Negroes in America spend on any other spiritual vehicle except the church.

According to J. A. Jackson, the leading statistical authority on the colored stage, there were in 1925 four hundred and twenty-five theaters devoted to the patronage of colored audiences. If the average annual receipts of these theaters amount to $10,000 the yearly total is over $4,000,000. This, of course, is an extremely low estimate, and it would doubtless be closer to the facts to say that four cities, Harlem, Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia spend that amount for amusement.

It would appear that an institution able to sell itself with such conspicuous success would quickly become prosperous enough to spend a part of its earnings making experiments in the direction of improving the quality of its offerings. For the stage itself must ever be the active agent in raising the public taste. The public, or any important part of it, knows well enough when it is dissatisfied with what is being shown in the theater; but it never knows in advance what kind or quality of amusement will suit its taste. Time and again in the history of the American Theater, both black and white, there have been attempts on the part of managers to give some disgruntled part of the public precisely the kind of amusement it had demanded. These efforts to please the public by giving it what it had said it wanted have uniformly ended in failure. A striking illustration, and one close to home, is furnished by the several failures to win the appreciation of better class Negro audiences by giving them the sort of sedate performances they had seen on the white stage and which they said they wanted to see on the colored stage. Plans for raising the general standard of amusement by appealing to the higher as well as the lower elements of the public succeed best when they originate behind the footlights. Not that the theater is infallible in adjusting its offerings to its public; rather, it proceeds by an ardurous trial and error method, varying the type and quality of its entertainment and carrying on its experiments at a loss until it finally wins a response from the part of the public it is aiming to please.

This response cannot always be measured in the form of profits. The higher minded individuals of a community are always outnumbered by the lower elements and the type of diversion they require costs more to produce than the low amusement the multitude is satisfied with. In striving to please the better part of the public the theater must be prepared to supply a limited market with an expensive form of entertainment. Which means, in more definite terms, that the higher forms of theatrical recreation must be produced with the expectancy of small profits or even a dead loss. In a theater which is economically sound and spiritually vigorous these expensive but unprofitable productions are undertaken as a contribution to the community culture. The white American theater is commercial to the core, still a part of the gains produced by the more vulgar forms of amusement is continually being reinvested in the production of the higher forms and the result is that the stage is constantly becoming richer while the popular taste is gradually being improved.

This adjustment of the prosperity of the stage to the cultural needs of the community is usually undertaken in response to the spur of competition. It is voluntarily attempted only when there is a bond of spiritual kinship existing between the public the theater serves and the persons in control of its finances. The Negro theater is not subject to either of these favorable influences. While prosperous enough when the collections at the door are considered, it is organized in such a way that neither its public nor its performers can obtain the full advantages of its prosperity.

White Landlords and Producers

More than half of the theaters operated for colored patronage, says J. A. Jackson, are owned by white capital. Mr. Jackson's figures are by no means exhaustive and they leave us in doubt as to the relative values of the holdings of white and colored owners. Nor do his figures shed any light on how the amount of business done by either group compares with the amount done by the other group. But as the white owners generally control the larger houses, as well as the ones longest established and most conveniently located in centers where theater-going is a community habit, there cannot be much error in claiming that their control of fifty per cent of the theaters gives white owners seventy-five per cent of the business.

This foreign financial control of our theater would be undesirable even if those exercising it were persons of higher than average culture, which is not the case. Almost without exception, the white owners of theaters devoted to colored patronage are people who, if they were connected with the white American theater, would be found among its camp followers rather than working in the theater proper; cheap vaudeville entrepreneurs at best, at bottom sandwich venders and amusement park fakirs. They have no knowledge of the true nature of the theater, and even if we concede their willingness to adjust the stage they control to the finer feelings of the public they serve their limitations stand between their good intentions and success. Out of touch with the refinement of their own race, they cannot be expected to meet with much success when they attempt to gauge the more delicate sentiments of a people whose ways are strange to them. When they see a part of the Negro public pleased with the theater when it combines the most garish features of a nickelodeon and a burlesque show they are easily convinced that there is no strong desire among Negroes for any higher quality of amusement.

Most of the colored owners are men of the same low calibre as the white owners. But they are at least privy to the idiomatic aspirations of the race and subject to its social discipline. If they were in control of the bulk of the income produced by the perennial prosperity of the Negro theater they would be moved, or they could be urged, to devote a part of their profits to bringing the stage up to the standard demanded by the better element of the race. But the small share of the business in the hands of colored owners does not produce balances large enough to absorb the inevitable losses which would have to be faced during the transition from a low to a higher quality of entertainment. Indeed, as a rule the reserves of colored owners are so slight that frequently a single month of slack business will force a proprietor to close his doors. With such a precarious hold on a bare existence in business colored owners cannot assume the expense of even such piffling experiments white proprietors sometimes underwrite.

The white owners, to the limits of their low vision, are usually sympathetic enough and quite willing to accede to any demand of the public which strikes them as reasonable. Their idea of a reasonable innovation, however, is one that promises quick and substantial profits. They hardly ever object to putting colored cashiers in the ticket booths and colored flunkeys on the door because it means a saving in salaries and favorable comment in Negro newspapers. They will permit chorus girls to take off more clothes than the law allows because it means increased patronage of the poolroom rats and sex starved stevedores who cannot afford to visit the buffet flats as often as they wish. They will occasionally go the limit outfitting a combination burlesque and minstrel show, presenting the hybrid product as a "revue," because that also fetches the crowd and brings in ready money right away. But they cannot be persuaded to assist in keeping the stage abreast of the cultural progress of the race unless they can be shown where it will pay from the first performance.

Only slightly less pernicious than the domination of the white

owner-manager is the influence of the white producer. The white producer, however, is not at all concerned about the desires of the Negro public. His potential audience is the large number of white people who would like to enjoy the thrills of the black and tan cabarets, only they can't afford the stiff cover charge and don't like the idea of paying fifty cents for a bottle of beer they can buy for eight cents at the delicatessen store. Then there are the old timers who yearn for amusement reminiscent of the days of Lew Dockstader and the Primrose Minstrels. These two classes, when they are in the mood for theatrical slumming, will be satisfied with any show consisting of twenty odd yellow dancing girls topped off with a few low comedians and their feeders.

Assembling a show for the diversion of white audiences is in itself innocuous enough, but, indirectly, it exerts an unwholesome influence on the Negro theater. The white producer prefers to select his headliners from the ranks of colored performers who have made good on the white vaudeville stage. He pays higher salaries than the colored actor can earn playing before Negro audiences, and if the show enjoys a moderately successful run the members of the cast subsequently find it easier to get bookings on the white vaudeville stage as well as from the managers catering to colored audiences. This condition makes a prominent part in a show assembled for white audiences the goal of the colored actor's ambition. Naturally, only the more talented performers can make the grade; and instead of making an effort to reform the Negro theater for the better, the more competent and versatile colored actors spend their best years developing themselves for a career under a white producer.

Often enough the abler actors are dissatisfied with the condition of the Negro theater. But they willingly submit to that degraded condition because if they can obtain a formidable number of return engagements they will be able to impress the booking offices of the white vaudeville circuits. Again they submit to the distorted standards of white vaudeville because becoming popular with its audiences is the surest way to catch the eye of white producers of musical comedies and revues.

Without the glamour of a Broadway career to seduce him the more competent colored actor could develop himself along some distinctive line and create a following for himself. With a definite following in the audience he could obtain steadier employment and better pay than he can obtain under present conditions and a regular income would in the course of time enable him to become a producer himself. His following would assure him of an audience and as he would collect the profits of management as well as the wages of an entertainer he would eventually find himself in a position to strike a blow for the economic autonomy of the Negro theater. For without economic autonomy the Negro stage can never become the flexible medium for the expression of the spirit of Negro people it ought to be.

A STRANGER AT THE GATES

By WALLACE THURMAN

NIGGER HEAVEN. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred Knopf, Incorporated. $2.50.

When I first heard of the author's proposed novel of Negro life in Harlem I immediately conjectured that while the whites would relish it, especially since the current faddistic interest in things Negroid was still a flourishing reality, that Negroes themselves would anathematize both the book and its author. I predicated this conjecture on the fact that most colored people with whom I came into contact bristled belligerently at mention of the title. And some of those who had been most active in showing the author the sights of Harlem crowed about ingratitude, Nordic duplicity, et cetera, as long as the object of their wrath remained downtown, and promptly forgot it when he was uptown, which gave me a chance to speculate upon African duplicity. However, since reading the volume I find myself forced to cancel my first conjecture and come forward with another, which is, that whites may find it a trifle tedious at times, but that Negroes will accept it so warmly that even the detested "Nigger" in the title will be forgotten, and, I would not be surprised should some of our uplift organizations and neighborhood clubs plan to erect a latter-day abolitionist statue to Carl Van Vechten on the corner of 135th Street and Seventh Avenue, for the author has been most fair, and most sympathetic in his treatment of a long mistreated group of subjects. True, some of his individual characters may seem tarnished, but the race as a whole emerges as a group of long suffering martyrs, deservant of a better fate. No one in Harlem could have presented their case more eloquently, and with more finesse. Truly, Gareth Johns, you deserve an especial Spingarn medal.

Yet once the characters cease discussing the "Negro problem," once they cease spouting racial equality epigrams, and anti-racial discrimination platitudes, the novel begins to move—begins to pulsate with some genuine rhythms peculiar (objections from Geo. S. Schuyler) to Harlem alone, and, thereupon holds the reader rapt until he reaches the dramatic climax.

Mr. Van Vechten seems at his best in the cabaret scenes, the charity ball, and the Black Mass (and let me insert a question here—where, oh where is this Black Mass in Harlem, for it is too good to be merely a figment of the writer's imagination—I mean too good in the sense that it should not be such a selfish, subjective creation, I, for one, would love to see).

"An invisible band, silent at the moment they had entered this deserted room, now began to perform wild music, music that moaned and lacerated one's breast with brazen claws of tone, shrieking, tortured music from the depths of hell. And now the hall became peopled, as dancers slipped through the folds of the hangings, men and women with weary faces, faces tired of passion and pleasure. Were these the faces of dead prostitutes and murderers? Pleasure seekers from the cold slabs of the morgue?

"Dance! cried Laska. Dance! She flung herself in his arms and they joined this witches sabbath."

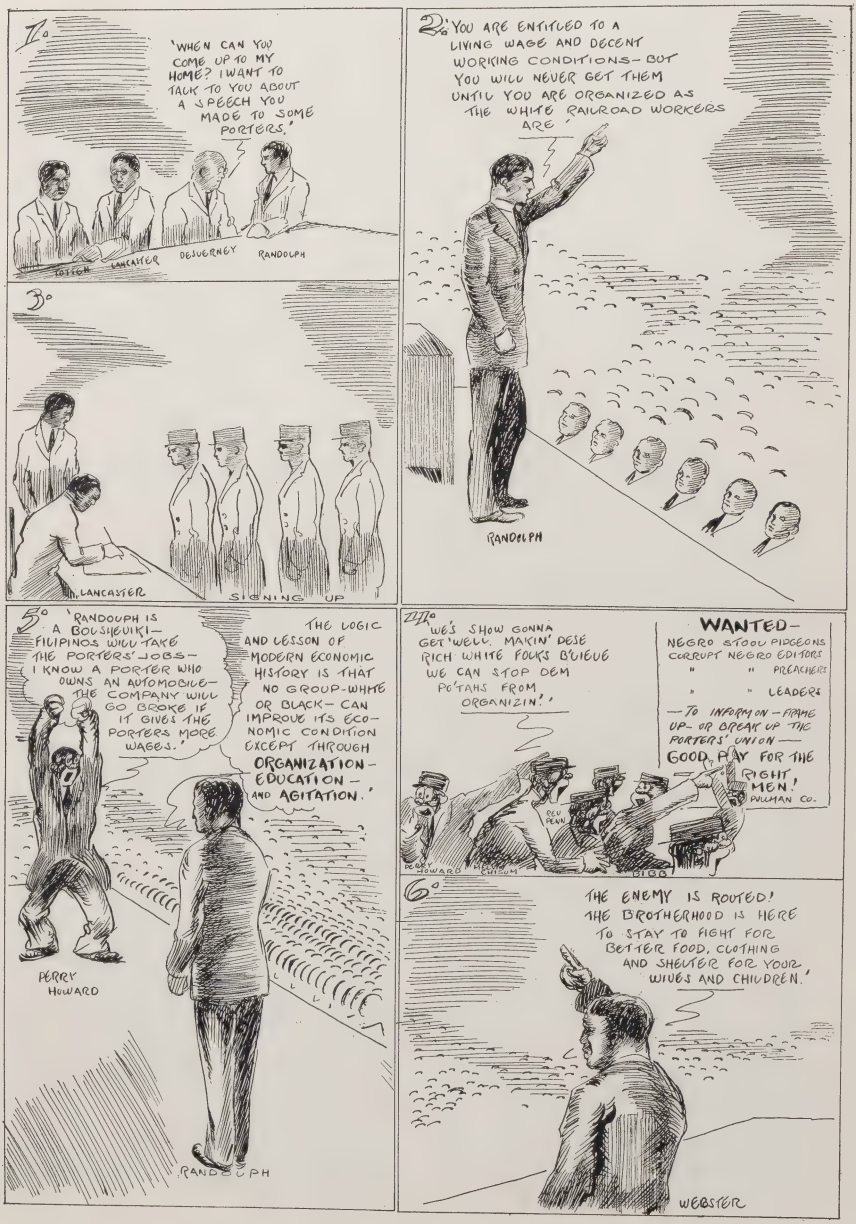
This all occurs in "a circular hall entirely hung in vermillion velvet" . . . with . . . "a flavor of translucent glass" through which flows "a cloud of light—now orange, now deep purple, now flaming like molten lava, now rolling sea waves of green."

And the two cabaret scenes surpass even the above in their realistic evocation of an individualistic setting, surging with soul shreaving individualistic rhythms.

I shall not dwell upon the chronicle of events that compromise the main motif of the novel proper. I found the trimmings and trappings more genuine and more gracefully done than the thesis. The affair between Mary Love and Byron Kasson struck me as rather puerile. Show me any normal pair of even cultured lovers in Harlem skipping down bridle paths in a park, and show me any girl in Mary's milieu who is as simple as Mary in the matters of an affair du coeur. The tragedy of the myopic Byron who wished to write but could find nothing to write about the while a veritable ocean of material was swirling about him, and his passionate plunge with the fiery and exotic Laska Sartoris into a pool of physical debauch is of sterner stuff and much more calculated to draw the reader back to the volume for a second reading.

"Nigger Heaven" will also provide high Harlem with a new indoor sport, namely, the ascertaining which persons in real life the various characters were drawn from. Speculations are already rampant even before a general circulation of the book, and I have heard from various persons whom each character represents with far more assurance than the author himself could muster.

All in all "Nigger Heaven" should have a wide appeal and gain much favorable notice. As I say, some "ofays" may find arid stretches in it, especially where they are being lampooned in good old N. A. A. C. P. fashion, but the pregnant picturization of certain facets of Negro life in Harlem will serve to make at least partial amends for that Mr. Van Vechten has done what Russett Durwood, in the novel, predicts to Byron someone would do—*i. e.*, beat the Negro litterateurs to a vibrant source pot of literary material which they for the most part have glossed over. And he has done it so well in places that despite the allegation of certain Manhattan sophisticates that he wrote the book merely to prove that there are Negroes who read, Paul Morand, Jean Cocteau, Edmond Gosse, Louis Broomfield and Cabell, and who can feel at home in sumptuous settings of tiger-skin covered beds, magenta and silver cushions, taffeta canopied dressing tables, Sevres china, and furniture which is a "Bavarian version of Empire." he has also laid himself liable to being referred to, in the provinces, as another Negro writer.


1.
'WHEN CAN YOU COME UP TO MY HOME? I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A SPEECH YOU MADE TO SOME PORTERS.'
TOTTEN
LANCASTER
DESVERNEY
RANDOLPH
2.
YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A LIVING WAGE AND DECENT WORKING CONDITIONS—BUT YOU WILL NEVER GET THEM UNTIL YOU ARE ORGANIZED AS THE WHITE RAILROAD WORKERS ARE.'
RANDOLPH
3.
LANCASTER
SIGNING UP
4.
WE'S SHOW GONNA GET 'WELL' MAKIN' DESE RICH WHITE FOLKS B'LIEVE WE CAN STOP DEM PO'TAHS FROM ORGANIZIN'.'
WANTED—
NEGRO STOOL PIGEONS
CORRUPT NEGRO EDITORS
" " PREACHERS
" " LEADERS
—TO INFORM ON—FRAME UP—OR BREAK UP THE PORTERS' UNION—
GOOD PAY FOR THE RIGHT MEN!
PULLMAN CO.
PERRY HOWARD
CULLOM
DEL PEN
BIGB
5.
'RANDOLPH IS A BOLSHEVIKI—FILIPINOS WILL TAKE THE PORTERS' JOBS—I KNOW A PORTER WHO OWNS AN AUTOMOBILE—THE COMPANY WILL GO BROKE IF IT GIVES THE PORTERS MORE WAGES.'
THE LOGIC AND LESSON OF MODERN ECONOMIC HISTORY IS THAT NO GROUP—WHITE OR BLACK—CAN IMPROVE ITS ECONOMIC CONDITION EXCEPT THROUGH ORGANIZATION—EDUCATION—AND AGITATION.'
PERRY HOWARD
RANDOLPH
6.
THE ENEMY IS ROUTED! THE BROTHERHOOD IS HERE TO STAY TO FIGHT FOR BETTER FOOD, CLOTHING AND SHELTER FOR YOUR WIVES AND CHILDREN.'
WEBSTER

A YEAR OF HISTORY MAKING

By FRANK R. CROSSWAITH

August 25, 1925, has become an historic date in the annals of the American Negro and a date of more than passing significance to the workers of the United States in general. On the evening of that day a handful of Pullman porters betook themselves proudly to the basement of the Imperial Elks Hall, New York City, to listen to the message of trade unionism as expounded by A. Philip Randolph, Geo. S. Schuyler, the writer and others, and, to launch what is now generally recognized as the most challenging bid for a man's chance ever made by the American Negro since his advent in the United States over three centuries ago. Facing what seemed to many as an insurmountable obstacle and an unbeatable foe, these men, on that eventful night "fired a shot" which has rivaled the one fired years before at Fort Sumpter in South Carolina. That shot from the South Carolina fortress was "heard around the world" and marked the beginning of the Civil War which was to end with the emancipation of the slaves. The one fired on August 25, 1925, by the Pullman porters, too has girdled the globe, carrying to all nations and races the glad tidings that a group of American Negroes had been introduced to the militant doctrine of trade unionism which would result in the direct emancipation of 12,000 Negro Pullman porters and maids from a condition of slavery but little removed from that of their forebears.

These Negro workers have been employed as porters and maids for nearly fifty-nine years. They have been known as the aristocrats of Negro labor. The actual condition of these workers does not, however, justify this claim. The movement to unionize them has brought to light the fact that Pullman porters and maids constitute the only group of workers whose position is so little removed from actual servitude and peonage that the difference is hardly recognizable. They are the largest and most outstanding group of unpaid workers of a race that is known as the unpaid workers of the world.

Not even in the convict labor-ridden Southland, or on the peon farms of that section of the country can one find workers who contribute anywhere from two to seven hours of labor without some sort of remuneration for the same, nowhere can one locate such a large number of workers, who are unable actually to tell what their wages will be five minutes before they receive it; nowhere are workers so thoroughly and systematically and so effectively exploited as in the Pullman service. They have suffered this fate at the hands of the Pullman Company which stands condemned before the world as having engaged in the wholesale and brutal exploitation of a race.

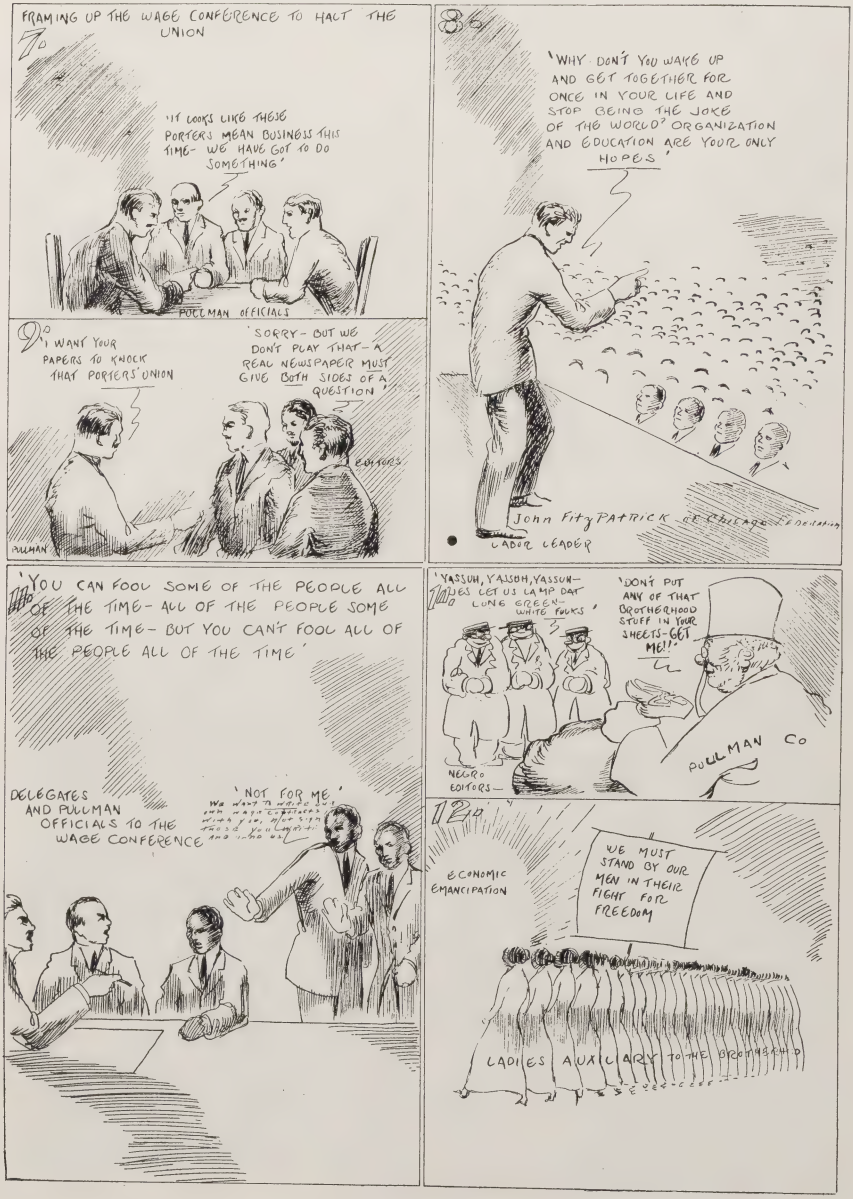
Nevertheless, these workers facing obstacles unprecedented in the long record of workers organizing, have accomplished great things in the short space of one year. They have squeezed out of the coffers of the Pullman Company a slight wage increase. They have removed much of the haughtiness and arrogance which characterized the attitude of even the white office boys in the employ of the Pullman Company toward the porters and maids. They have won a higher respect and a more humane regard from the traveling public. They have made an immeasurable, spiritual contribution to the cause of organized labor. They have accomplished an educational feat of great magnitude among the workers of the Negro race as well as among the whites. On the whole, the Nation is richer today because of the birth of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters on August 25, 1925.

The experience of the Brotherhood during its year of infancy is not unlike that encountered by all other groups of workers making an attempt to win a fairer share of the product of their labor. The opposition of the Pullman Company was from the outset formidable. Having been permitted to exercise unquestioned the prerogative of wanton exploitation for nearly three generations, it was the most natural thing for the Company to oppose any attempt that would interfere with what had become to them their unwonted right to breed and brutalize their Negro employees. In a vain attempt to stop the Brotherhood, all manner of "tricks" familiar to employers were resorted to: threats of dismissal from the service and in many instances actual dismissal, substitution of Filipinos on cars considered "choice runs," the granting of a small wage increase, the harrassing of the men by "stool pigeons," "spies" and "spotters" all were called upon by the Company to do service for its cause. These having failed, the Company used what is considered among progressive trade unionists as the Bosses "ace in the hole." It attempted to do to the Brotherhood's organizer what it did to Eugene V. Debs, during the formation of the American Railway Union. Attempts were made to imprison him. Willing Negro tools were found who could (sic) do the trick; hastily drawn up indictments were secured only to be thrown out of court by fair-minded and honest judges. Efforts at bribery were also tried. The planting of men in the ranks of the Brotherhood to resign at what was considered "the strategic moment." The lavish use of money to purchase the pages of some Negro newspapers to spread the poison of suspicion among the porters and the outright subsidizing of others, and many other gallant, but unsuccessful maneuvers of the Company to rout the little band of Brotherhood men away from their leaders and their Union back into the cesspool of low wages, long hours, inhuman treatment, and the manhood destroying habit of depending upon tips.

Against these onslaughts of a soulless corporation, the ranks of the Brotherhood stood immovable, adding to its roster large numbers of awakened black freemen with each setting sun. When the efforts of the opposition was most feverish and its strength appeared overwhelming, it was then that the membership of the Brotherhood grew with amazing suddenness, for example, when Ashley L. Totten was abruptly dismissed from the service, over 1,400 porters joined the Brotherhood, when the handpicked delegates at the so-called wage conference accepted the wage increase a score less than at Totten's dismissal became Brotherhood men. When the Filipinoes were brought in to displace veterans in the service on Club Cars, the various headquarters of the Brotherhood were literally swamped with applicants. When Mays—whose place in history is as secure as is that of Judas Iscariot—resigned (sic) the Chicago representatives of the Brotherhood kept National Headquarters busy shipping applications and membership cards and other paraphernalia.

The Brotherhood has withstood the first 365 days of storm and stress, it has passed its babyhood days, its leaders and membership are richer in experience than they were a year ago. We have forged every stream, crossed every bridge, and met every exactitude with resignation and unflinching confidence. Whatever the future holds in store for us, be it hardship, privation, persecution, yea even imprisonment WE WILL NOT SURRENDER UNTIL THE RIGHT OF 12,000 PULLMAN PORTERS AND MAIDS to a living wage, shorter hours of work and a higher appreciation of their services is won.

To our Comrades in the struggle, to the militant soldiers of the Brotherhood, throughout the Nation, on every train, on every road, in every home, by every fireside, we doff our hats and extend genuine felicitation on this our first birthday, and we say, great as have been our accomplishments in the past, rich as has been the harvest we have reaped, let us at the threshold of a new year take courage afresh and pledge ourselves that we will strive for loftier heights and greater achievements during the year that is opening ahead. Other races have done it, we can do it if we so will. UPWARD, ONWARD, and FORWARD to our second birthday, resolved that we will stand united, one for all, and all for our BROTHERHOOD.


FRAMING UP THE WAGE CONFERENCE TO HALT THE UNION
'IT LOOKS LIKE THESE PORTERS MEAN BUSINESS THIS TIME- WE HAVE GOT TO DO SOMETHING'
PULLMAN OFFICIALS
'I WANT YOUR PAPERS TO KNOCK THAT PORTERS' UNION
'SORRY- BUT WE DON'T PLAY THAT- A REAL NEWSPAPER MUST GIVE BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION'
PULLMAN
EDITORS
'WHY DON'T YOU WAKE UP AND GET TOGETHER FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE AND STOP BEING THE JOKE OF THE WORLD? ORGANIZATION AND EDUCATION ARE YOUR ONLY HOPES'
John FitzPATRICK of CHICAGO
LABOR LEADER
'YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME- ALL OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME- BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME'
DELEGATES AND PULLMAN OFFICIALS TO THE WAGE CONFERENCE
'NOT FOR ME'
'YASSUH, YASSUH, YASSUH- LIES LET US LAMP DAT LONG GREEN- WHITE FOLKS'
NEGRO EDITORS
'DON'T PUT ANY OF THAT BROTHERHOOD STUFF IN YOUR SHEETS- GET ME!!'
PULLMAN Co
ECONOMIC EMANCIPATION
WE MUST STAND BY OUR MEN IN THEIR FIGHT FOR FREEDOM
LADIES AUXILIARY TO THE BROTHERHOOD

PREVIOUS STRUGGLES OF THE PULLMAN PORTERS TO ORGANIZE

By F. BOYD

Charged by our honorable General Organizer to give a brief outline of the history of the industrial unrest of the porters and maids employed by the Pullman Co., I wish first to urge for them the most earnest consideration, not only from the public in general, but from the Nation at large, to the end that the evils which threaten to defeat American ideals and to destroy the well-being of the Nation may be generally recognized and effectively attached.

I find the basic cause of the present unrest among the porters and maids, as expressed by their determination to organize, to be low wages.

This new movement is not a temporary outburst of enthusiasm, rather it is one more of the many efforts of this group of oppressed workers to free themselves of injustice and oppression, and acquire for themselves and their families that degree of economic well-being necessary for the enjoyment of those material and spiritual things which alone make life worth living.

I entered the Pullman service as a porter, March 15, 1907. At that time our pay was $25 *perhaps*, that is, perhaps you would get the $25, but most likely you would not because we were penalized for linen shortage, lost step boxes, combs and brushes, and what not. This system of exploitation was kept in practice until 1911, when our pay was raised 10 per cent, or from $25 to $27.50 *perhaps*. Does it not occur to the sound mind that some of the men so shamefully mistreated would, out of their desire to free themselves from such a debased degree of peonage, make some attempt to organize?

The first manifestation of the bitterness bred by the unfilled needs for sufficient food, clothing and shelter, for themselves, their wives and their children was in 1909, during the Yukon Exposition at Seattle, Washington. At that time I was operating on a through car from Seattle to Chicago where I had a two-day layover. During my two-day layover in the Windy City, a number of men running on other extra lines used to assemble and talk of our industrial conditions.

By the middle of the summer about twenty of us were well enough acquainted to confide in each other. We drew up by-laws, such as they were, and started a secret enrollment of membership—secrecy was the general order of the day—for any employee who dared to disturb the industrial peace of the Pullman Co., was subject to immediate dismissal.

Our membership was very rapidly increasing when at the termination of the Exposition at Seattle, October 31, 1909, those extra lines which had brought this group of men together were discontinued. This automatically dissolved our little Union.

The next expression of dissatisfaction was in 1910, on the North Coast Limited. This train is and was at that time operated over the Northern Pacific and is one of the most up to date trains for service in operation. When it was made an all sleeper train in 1910, the conductors' salary was raised $5 more, bringing their salary from $95 a month to $100. We, the porters, were overlooked as usual. Considering that then this train had only five schedule stops between St. Paul and Seattle, it is very clear that if trans-continental traffic was not heavy our income in tips was not large.

This act of injustice demanded immediate action, so after considerable discussion on the trains and street corners, two meetings were held at the residence of one of the porters. At the first meeting three attended. A program of procedure was outlined, all the men operating on the line were notified by mail of our purpose, of the next meeting, and also of what was being done to bring about economic relief.

At our next meeting ten days later six porters were present, the matter was gone over thoroughly and it was decided that we make a request for a $15 addition to our pay, making us receive $40 instead of $25 per month. This seemed very reasonable and we thought it would meet with the approval of management.

This request was put into writing, those present signed, copies of the same were left in popular barber shops, and the men operating the line were notified of what had been done. This request was for two purposes; one was to get the raise of $15 which we thought was possible, the other was to demonstrate to the local and foreign men the advantage of collective action. After two months time, when only five more names were added to the petition, it was moved to another part of the city with about the same results.

This was the last noteworthy attempt at organization until the advent of "The Railroad Men's International Benevolent Industrial Association," in 1918. The Association was sponsored by one Mr. R. L. Mays. By then the idea of organization had found fertile soil in the discontented and very much abused, overworked, and underpaid porters of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Ry. The Association proved to be a capital idea poorly sponsored, yet the idea was attractive inasmuch as it appealed to those its faulty constructed program was supposed to relieve and benefit, for its program was to cover all groups of workers in the railway service, ushers, or "red-caps" as they are commonly called working in the large passenger terminals were also included in its membership. A local was set up in St. Paul with Mr. Agustus Jones as executive secretary. I and a few more of the Pullman porters of St. Paul joined, hoping we could persuade some of the rest to follow suit. My card number was 4674, which I still hold as evidence of my membership.

During the latter part of 1917 a group of porters who were thinking in terms of improving our economical condition were working on their lay-over trying to determine just how widespread was the discontent; it was found to be general, but there was no spirit of action, and few men were willing to sign approval of organization.

The year of 1918 was a bumper year for organization on the common carriers and other public utilities necessary for the successful termination of the World's War. So with the approval of the Federal Government a large number of the porters felt free to speak in terms of Unionism. For the first time in all their existence as Pullman porters they could speak their honest opinion on one of the most vital issues of life, security. For once their constitutional rights to this extent were not invaded.

So Unionism became the topic of conversation among the porters, and after Walter D. Hines was appointed Director General of all the railroads the spirit to organize became general. Supplement No. 17 to General Order No. 27, April 14, 1919, stirred the conscience of the porters as never before. By this time every thinking porter was talking organization. I was and had been working on a program of industrial procedure, with a very close friend, B. W. Merriwether, and he was in touch with a very active group of progressive men in New York. They were, as near as I can remember, S. J. Freeman, E. B. Effortts, R. Stedman, O. T. Tebow, T. Bowen. In Chicago the active group were such staunch individuals as H. T. Pelkey, A. S. Barnett, W. D. Williams, C. H. Taylor and many others whom I cannot recall just now.

The New York group were much in advance of the rest of the porters. They were well organized and were fighting for recognition in the A. F. of L. and upon learning that their Brothers in the West were desirous of proceed-

ing in the same direction, offered a helping hand by requesting us to join them. This created a spirit of mutual aid that became so general that the Chicago and New York group met in New York, N. Y., in July, 1919, and became united in a Fraternity known as "The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters' Protective Union."

During this decade of spontaneous outbursts of Unionism in the ranks of Pullman porters and maids, the Pullman conductors started a movement in June, 1913, headed by a Pullman conductor, name R. W. Bell, who was at that time working out of the Chicago West District under the supervision of Mr. Waite.

This movement which was short lived spread to the four corners of Pullmandom, and the porters became slightly inoculated with the spirit again, but Mr. Bell and several of his brother conductors were dismissed from the service in June and July, 1913 (a subject I will briefly touch upon in an early issue), and the few interested porters soon lost their enthusiasm. The reference to Mr. Bell and his brother conductors is a matter of record, in the Final Report and Testimony, submitted to Congress, by the Commission of "Industrial Relations," created by act, August 23, 1912, Vol. 10, Chicago, Ill., Tuesday, April 6, 1915, Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the Commission on Investigation.

A few words on the Employees' Representation Plan, as a Representative in its various capacities for five years. I was one year chairman of the local committee, two years committeeman. May I say that by a combination of circumstances peculiar to St. Paul during the five years of service, it was possible to arrange the election of the committees so that some of the best men in the District were elected. This was done for the purpose of making the Plan function, if possible. After five years of continual earnest efforts to that end and many conflicts with different officials of the management, I came to the conclusion after the last meeting of the Central Zone General Committee on which I served as committeeman, at Chicago, June 5, 1925, that further attempts would be a waste of time, and that the Plan was a form without the necessary substance to establish justice.

On September the 28th, I wrote my resignation and posted it in the porter's room. In the September number of THE MESSENGER, the announcement of the "Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters," was hailed as a special advent in the lives of all race men who had any knowledge of the ability, the integrity and the sincerity of purpose as well as of the determination of the man who had been chosen to pilot our ship of Brotherhood over the rough and troubled seas of organization.

This act was floundered at by the management, but it was soon evident that this move was more than a gust of wind, for the enrollment of membership was going forward in leaps and bounds. By October Pullmandom was much disturbed.

The anxiety reached St. Paul about November the 1st, and I was suspected of having something to do with the movement. I was called in the office by District Superintendent Mr. C. C. Healy and questioned as to my knowledge of the organization. I admitted my connection, and supported my plea with the declaration of the rights of man, which are written in the Fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution. Our conversation lasted about twenty minutes with a disagreement as to the rights and privileges of a Pullman porter.

In the meantime the Brotherhood was being well established in the east. So according to form I was called in for the second interview about the first week of December, 1925. This one was short and to the point. I was told by Mr. Healy that if I used my influence in helping to organize the porters in St. Paul, or his men as he called them, he would feel personally offended and would deal with me accordingly; thus ended our interview.

The Brotherhood held their first meetings January 13th and 14th at Welcome Hall, Farrington and St. Anthony Avenues. I spoke on the question of industrial relations and the right of American Citizenship in relation thereto, at both meetings. I was notified about 4 P. M. on the same date that I would not go out on my run. I reported at the office of Mr. Healy a few days later to find out why I was taken out of the service; he left his office and would not talk to me, and as I was leaving the station, the building in which his office is located, he was standing by the vestibule door.

He accused me of knocking the Company's Plan at those meetings, on January 13th and 14th. I replied that I had made no statement at those meetings that I had not made before at others held by the Pullman Co. under the names of *safety first*, Pullman Porters' Benefit Association, and the Employees' Representation Plan, meetings; and that as I was absolutely honest in my remarks I had the right as a man to exercise the freedom of speech decently and in order and would permit no man or group of men to tell me what to say and when to speak. His retort was that he could not do that, but he could send for me when he wanted me, which he would be pleased to do.

In spite of official statement of the Pullman Co. that all employees are permitted to become members of any organization that they desire, I, after nineteen years of service and in good standing, have been dismissed for participating in Union Activities.

To prove that my above statements are true, when I attempted to bring my case before the local committee of the Plan, I requested form No. 9151, upon which grievances are made out to the Committee, and was refused. According to the agreement which went into effect February 15, 1926, every employee has the right to a fair and impartial hearing at the earliest possible date as to the cause and justification of suspension or dismissal, providing hearing is requested. Registered letters have been sent to Healy, District Superintendent, and to C. Ross, the Chairman of Committee of Group C, of the porters, requesting a hearing, and no answer has been received from them.

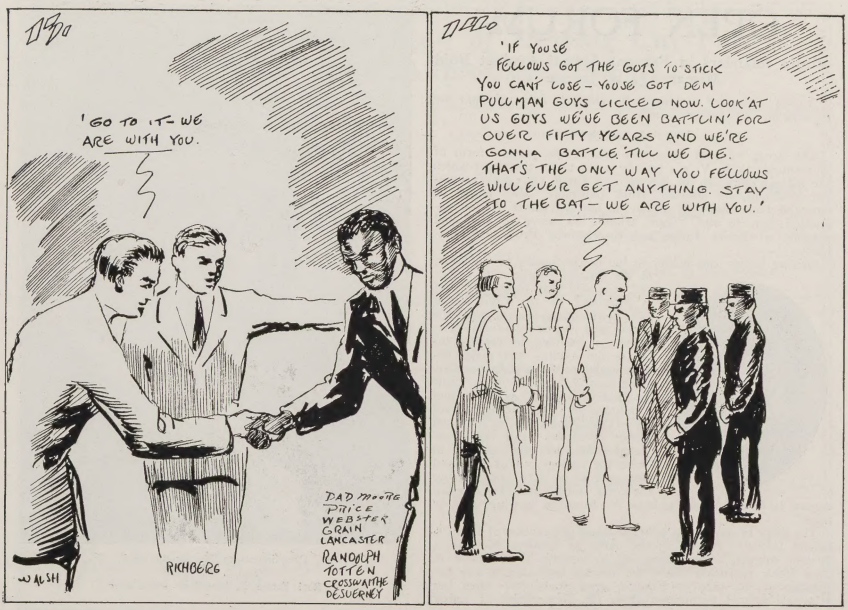
A few provisions of the Plan will serve to illustrate how impossible it is for porters to get justice through it. Rule 9, section 3, provides that should an employee subject to this agreement believe he has been unjustly treated, he may appeal to his district official (Healy). He may appeal. This appeal may or may not be recognized as the Superintendent pleases. In this case no notice has been taken of the appeal. Further (a) He may refer the matter to the local committee, A. Ross, Chairman, such a committee is to grant a prompt hearing. This was done. Again no provision for enforcing the appeal.

Failing a satisfactory adjustment the claimant may refer the matter to the Zone Central Committee and finally to the Bureau of Industrial Relations. All of which has been done in the regular manner in this case. Conference must be granted within ten days. Now, as I have been out of employment for seven months without a hearing waiting action on my case, this is conclusive proof of the bankruptcy of the Plan as far as the porters are concerned.

Epitaph

Within this grave I lie,
Yes, I.
Why laugh, good people,
Or why cry?
Within this grave
Lies nothing more
Than I.

J. CRUTCHFIELD THOMPSON.


'GO TO IT- WE ARE WITH YOU.
WALSH
RICHBERG
DAD MOORE
PRICE
WEBSTER
CAIN
LANCASTER
RANDOLPH
TOTTEN
CROSSWAITHE
DESVERNEY
'IF YOUSÉ FELLOWS GOT THE GOTS TO STICK YOU CANÍ LOSÉ - YOUSÉ GOT DEM PULLMAN GUYS LICKED NOW. LOOK'AT US GOYS WÉVE BEEN BATTLIN' FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS AND WE'RE GONNA BATTLE 'TILL WE DIE. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU FELLOWS WILL EVER GET ANYTHING. STAY TO THE BAT- WE ARE WITH YOU.'

Exposé of the P.P.B.A.

(*Continued from page 270*)

Treasurer of the Pullman Co., as is indicated, because of the opinion of Perry Parker and his Executive Board that Negroes cannot be trusted with it.

The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, believe that Negroes have proved themselves to be honest and qualified intellectually to operate the P. P. B. A. of A., without Pullman dictatorship, and it should be the duty of every member to revolt against the present administration and place porters in office who have the interests of their fellow-workers at heart.

Porters Advised to Vote Intelligently

Beginning October 1st and 7th, primary elections will be held at each district.

The poll clerks will approach each porter with a list of the complete roster of porters out of which he is expected to vote for nominees for the following offices: Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary-Treasurer, Delegate and Grievance Committee.

It is imperative that members use care whom they nominate to be delegate, while it matters little who they nominate as Chairman, Vice-Chairman or Treasurer.

The Grievance Committee herein mentioned is bunk. They must not be confused with the Grievance Committee of the Employee Representation Plan. They do not function anywhere.

At the close of primary elections at midnight October 7th, the ballots should be counted and the names will appear on ballots for the final voting October 15th to 21st.

It is again imperative that the members vote for one delegate who is a man with principle, stamina and manhood, and above all, not the same self seeker who was sent to the last convention.

There should be a secret campaign among the men so that the election should be conducted fair, and free from the persuasion and influence of Pullman officials and stools, and there ought to be a determination on the part of the members in each district to call another election if they believe it to be unfair.

This can be done if the members would remember that the Pullman Co., has no right to interfere, and that pitiless, publicity would be one of the weapons employed to stop this interference.

If there is one spark of manhood left in the twelve thousand Pullman Porters, that spark should flame during the month of October.

The annual convention of the Pullman Porters Benefit Association of America starts on the third Tuesday in November.

With the knowledge of these indisputable facts which are presented in this article every member of this Association ought to elect delegates who are able to make a solid front, stand by the courage of their own convictions, and be masters of their own opinions.

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OPEN FORUM

Virgin Islanders in Fervent Appeal Against Bold Miscarriage of Justice

Agents Interested in Humanity Asked to Intercede into the Persecution of Labor Leader.

(SPECIAL RELEASE)

The great wave of discontent against the present form of Government in the Virgin Islands is due to the treatment which the natives suffer at the direction of Judge George Washington Williams, an attorney from Baltimore, Md., where he emerged from obscurity when the late President Wilson appointed him to the Virgin Islands to serve in the dual capacity of Police Judge and Government Prosecuting Attorney.

Getting bolder and bolder in his determination to introduce in the islands southern race hatred, it is said that Judge Williams is permitted by the Civil Naval Officials to usurp the rights of the people and impose tyrannical laws which is intended to rapidly increase the exodus and make depopulations of the islands complete.

Rothschild Frances, Negro Editor, Labor Leader, Legislator, and a militant and outstanding character of St. Thomas, V. I., opposed Judge Williams and the few Naval Officials in their scheme to drive the natives out of the land that gave them birth, consequently the "czar judge" had him arrested several times and is said to have threatened to "get him dead or alive."

The story in connection with the latest persecution of Francis, briefly follows: A girl by the name of Zephera Mathias, a British subject, after failing in an attempt to emigrate to New York, entrusted $80.00 the amount necessary to pay her passage in the care of Francis, until such time when her relatives secured permission from the Department of Labor for her to emigrate.

In the meantime, Alton Adams, Negro Naval musician to whom the girl is employed as a servant, was actuated with a desire to make a loan of the $80.00 in order to meet one of his numerous financial obligations, he thereby, instructed the girl to go to Francis and demand the money on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 31st.

It is an old custom in the Virgin Islands to observe Holy Week very closely and when the girl asked Francis for the money, the banks were already closed, accordingly he gave her $50.00 of his own personal funds which she gladly accepted with the understanding that he would give her the balance of $30.00 on the following Tuesday morning when the bank again opened for business.

On the said Tuesday when Francis returned the money, the girl refused to accept it on the ground that her employer, Adams had already taken legal steps against Francis for embezzlement. Shortly after, Francis was arrested.

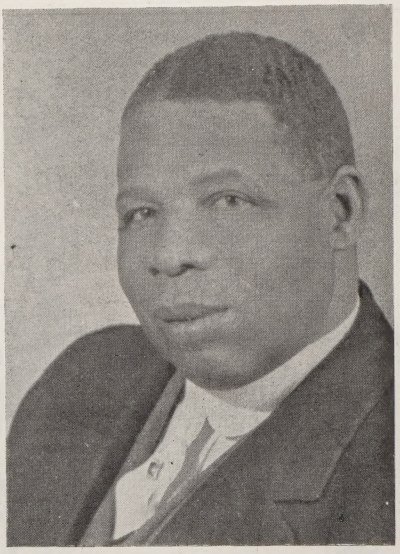
The prosecuting attorney, Charles Gibson, in addressing the Court, is alleged to have said, "Hats off, to Bandmaster Adams for bringing this matter before us," and it is further charged that Judge Williams and prosecutor Gibson disqualified the panel of Talesmen, after which they went out on the streets and brought in Danes, pro-Navy stand patters an ex-judge, and a Spanish Consul General, who constituted the jurymen in the case, despite the protests of the Counsel for the defendant.

Francis was hurriedly found guilty and sentenced by Judge Williams to serve one year imprisonment and $100.00 fine.

There is no Court of Appeals in the Virgin Islands so this remarkable case had been appealed to the Third Circuit Court at Philadelphia, and it is hoped that public opinion in America will be sufficiently aroused as to stretch forth its powerful voice across the Carribbean in order that Justice may be made to go hand in hand with the American flag.

To members of The B. S. C. P.

Be sure to notify this office, 2311 7th Avenue, New York City, of any change of address.



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Thursday the Twenty-third
Thursday the Thirtieth

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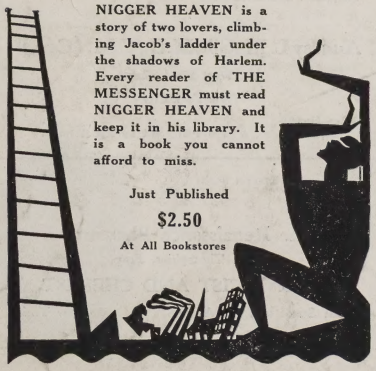
Editorials

(*Concluded from page 273*)

Of course, it is sheer nonsense to claim that the system of primaries requires three aspirants for the senatorial nomination to spend two million dollars to get a ten-thousand-dollar-per-year job for only six years. Senator Smith W. Brookhart, who in the primaries in Iowa smothered Senator Cummings, the Coolidge favorite, is reported not to have spent anything.

Besides, the history of political conventions stinks and reeks with the purchasing of delegates by cynical, hard-boiled politicians. No, the fault does not lie in conventions or primaries, but in the fact that certain business interests seek to dollar-mark public officials so that they will impose such legislation on the people as is calculated to inflate profits and dividends. It is obvious to the most credulous that the capitalists who finance these corrupt primaries, expect and get favors from the elected candidates in the form of government subsidy, such as protective tariffs, etc. Big Business is not as naive as the long-suffering, plain "p-e-e-p-u-l." It considers an election just like any other commodity with a price. Nor are the Old Guard politicians a sentimental breed. They sell to the highest bidder. And they know how to make the old decrepit magnates bid, too. They conjure up such lurid, though now hackneyed, scares as *"the rising red tide of Bolshevism in America."* Immediately and forthwith, the slush fund begins to swell. Then some honest-to-God servant of Gold is trotted out who is press-agented and glorified as one who somewhere at some time was known to have worn overalls, cut down trees, raised a family of a half dozen children, and never forgot to send a flower home to mother on Mother's Day. No, the system of primaries is not the thing! Neither primaries nor conventions would be corrupted if there were nobody to benefit from the corruption.

NIGGER HEAVEN
BY CARL VAN VECHTEN



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